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APRIL 1990 FREE



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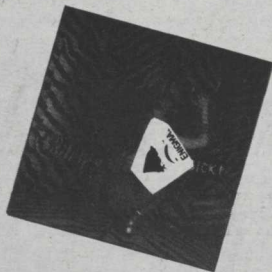
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YOU'RE SUCH A FRENCH TO ME

Dear Airhead,

RE: BUT IS IT ART? and follow-up mono/dialogues: (Nearby) everyone remembers Old Mom wagging the finger in the middle of "Now, (insert name), don't you know that two wrongs don't make a right?". Beyond the reflexive stupidity of public attention, the proposed argument of Rick Gibson and his sleeping suffixes looks like: "Well, shit, I might be doing this something repellent, but at least it's me doing, and I'm AWARE. Other folks, y'know, I mean, are plain doing far worse stuff and don't even know it, y'know. If they see my style they might wake up. Besides, I might not have done it anyway." This is even more lame than the excuse offered Old Mom. It's also pure Paraphysics. Hard to believe it comes unbidden.

But Rear-Guard admits, and his near-lynching proves, that he finds the mechanics of publicity out of his reach, a strange disorder for a performance artist (have you heard the one about the guy who set his hair on fire and tried to put it out with a hammer?). Of course, he's pioneered a new land of ethics, where the use of freeze-dried biomass as sculpture keeps the aesthetic few in the tossing nightwear, yet leather is the state uniform. In this new moral wilderness getting lost is half the fun. And everyone looks a little stupid when they don't know

where they are.

Understatement is the priority in T.V. culture. Posers like Gibson and his Gofers could learn much from the modern master of public behaviour, the serial killer. Accomplished sociopaths, S.K.'s are like dedicated artists: they work in private, completely unseen, until they have a large body (sic) of work. On occasion they are finally brought to a social prominence usually reserved for politicians and exploding astronauts. The anonymous modern world is their garret, their materials are their own species, their methods are exact and effective, but not without a sense of play. Patiently they absorb the real, hidden lessons of our malicious culture - predation, exploitation, and contingent violence, all held beneath the oily mask of common propriety.

Obviously, though in a semi-alley way, R.G. knows about and is repelled by the scheme of society, but he can't do anything with it. Minus resources - basic talent, history - he mimics. But a put-on is enlightening only if you can get it off again. The sharpest artists have always used the same lever for removing heads from their owners' buttocks: making, not matching. One can imagine the calamities that would have pursued R.G. had he remained a psychologist.

Sigmund Freud
Parkville, B.C.



YEAH, VIOLA!

Dearest Airhead,

Go Viola Go! You are the highlight of the Disorder! Not only do you have a cool name but you can incite the mindless to think enough to write: myself included. I have a question for the "Disappointed yet hopeful, Pete Stenderow." What makes your list of bands "definitely [sic] worth hearing"? They, for the most part, all put on very good live shows but can their

music stand apart from the theatre and stage antics they employ? Do you own their recordings or do you merely enjoy seeing them jump around on stage? Does this mean the epithet "great"? Never mind; I already know the answer. But you, Viola, always please me with your writing: "Hooker-Women of the Roxy" is wonderfully descriptive. I scream it with delight! Go Viola Go!

I have an idea for you at the

Disorder: you should procure advertisements from sound reproduction equipment manufacturers. Sound reproduction manufacturers, and even their retailers, have much money. Sell ad space to them: for your magazine has everything to do with music that eventually needs to be reproduced. Your interviews are of musicians with records and cds to be purchased, your letters section is of readers expounding who is the best rock band to them, and, obviously, your station sells music daily. Then, with the money acquired (sic), write columns selling more music and equipment and places at which to listen to the music. But don't sell any of that awful commercial music: the market for that has been used up by other people.

I listened to the "ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC" show this Sunday after-midnight. Thank you to the recorded playing, talking guy who played my request. Also I listened to the previous Nardwar show Friday; unfortunately for me, it became noisy. I don't like noise: a minor shortcoming on my part. Until then it was mirthful. The SERIOUS show was serious. I often wish it was more jocular.

I like most of the comics. They are, I guess, O.K. I do not understand, however, DANCING ON THE CLOUDS. I get the feeling that it is very profound and I become frustrated because I can't interpret why. It is also busy. Perhaps I think simplicity

is best for comics. I should rise to the comic maker's challenge.

I concur with your decision to keep the Public Enemy tune on the "waves. (few-interjection from my roommate on the use of the colloquialism.) Stir up the shit! Again, Viola Funk is cool. I'm glad that that is her real name.

Fairly sincerely,
Mark Staden

GREETINGS EARTHLINGS

Dear Airhead,

We here on Mars monitor Earth radio and TV transmissions with regularity and enthusiasm. By chance, my colleagues and I at the Tav-Lxi-G'Nan Observatory happened upon the emissions from your CITR. I must say, we are most impressed. The galactic phyla (insight) you possess is admirable. There are even rumours that our Grand Poobah (exalted leader) has been seen grooving to the hep tunes put forth by the likes of Nardwar (a fine Martian moniker). Join The Rhythm Of Machines, and also Home Video I.N.T.E.R.N.A.T.I.O.N.A.L., which offers us valuable information on Earth cultures as depicted in motion pictures.

As you have probably surmised, we do not speak for all Mars citizens. In fact, I speak for only myself and a small circle of friends and a club of Earth aficionados. We seek correspondence and cultural exchanges with Earthlings who are open-minded, want to learn about Mars, and

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We thank you.
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YEAH, VIOLA! AGINI! (SIC)
Dear Airhead,

Please, if I may, a few notes on last months (sic) Disorder, Miss Funk, and this telephone operators life in general.

Well well well, loads o letters to Airhead. Great. I've always enjoyed reading letters to the Editor (especially little ones, I must admit). This shows people are responding to what's laid before 'em. Lots of fun for the price of a stamp, etc.

But whoa kids, lay off Viola. I read her reviews of concerts and enjoy the opinions expressed - gosh, even when I don't agree with 'em. Viola has a creative, colloquial style which I enjoy reading immensely. So back off, take a deep breath (especially you Liz, boy were your claws out! And by the way what's this stuff about "telephone operator style writing"? Watch it babe. Sheesh.)

Viola, yoy were hard-core folks! There sure are some touchy folks out there. Look I'm gonna

call you up at the station next month... let's go out for Chinese food, my treat. You're someone worth meeting.

Another thang dear Airhead which you may wish to use in this section. I've noticed the profuse usage of that old bastion of grammar (sic) the (sic) symbol. I don't know about you, but it bugs me to no end. Take this letter for example, I'm sure you could have a field day correcting it, but even with some minor errors I've had a fun time writing to you, my fave local paper. Howabout some disclaimer at the "head" of Airhead stating that all letters are printed as received. It may not be correct but it's from the heart.

I've really enjoyed the last few issues of Disorder. With luck more people will start contributing (moi aussi) and everyone will live happily ever after. And remember folks, there's more to life than rock and roll... but not much more.

The voice on the wire,
Judith Naomi Lahti

Well, Naomi, we also are sick of the (sic). After this issue we will just have a disclaimer related to the fact that we print letters as received.

BOO, VIOLA!
Dear Airhead,

RE: The rather shabbily written review of the Bamf! Superconductor/Mary gig, the resultant "letters to the editor" and the supercilious comments in

italics below them.

Perhaps it would be to Ms. Funk's advantage to decorously back off. Four letters to the editor can't all be wrong. No one is denying her God-given right to hate Bamf! to her little heart's content but do please tell us why!!! Her pet peeve of headset mics simply won't wash. Any imbecile can see the advantages of using a headset mic if one wants to sing and play violin at the same time. Or shall we sacrifice all innovation to the great Shure-SM58-God as a nostalgic act of contrition for daring to use the new technology available? And could Ms. Funk please explain why she does not "care for" "TECHNOSTUFF" (???). Is it the same problem she has with the mic? Or is it that keyboards, violins and headless guitars just don't rate as phallic enough to be harbingers of "real ROCK AND ROLL"? Was it all just not carby enough, tribal enough, adolescent enough for Ms. Funk?

There is very little point in a reviewer going to a heavy metal gig and giving it a bad review because he simply doesn't like heavy metal. The object of the exercise is to rate that bands performance within their chosen medium. If you don't like "technostuff", Ms. Funk, then don't review it because, if your dislike of the medium is that strong, you will never find a band in that genre to your satisfaction.

Finally, (and this is directed to the editorial staff at the Disorder) the re-printing of the "Alex Varty Hate Club" item went far beyond the realms of tastelessness. It sits only slightly below the level of Ms. Funk's review in terms of it's (sic) lack of literary style and poor journalistic properties. Hate literature is not only illegal but also disgusting and it's (sic) reproduction on the pages of the Disorder. The Disorder is now the ONLY alternative music publication in this city and it has a responsibility to uphold and a reputation to build.

With the Georgia Straight now a film and food publication and Nite Moves a mainstream fanzine, it is up to the Disorder to fill the widening gap. I sincerely hope it survives some of it's (sic) editorial decisions.

Madeleine Morris

Supercilious, now? But gee, I guess you're right, four letters to the editor can't all be wrong.

ALEX VARTY LOVE CLUB
Dear Airhead,

The Alex Varty Club ad, in your last issue, gave me the creeps. It's one thing to criticize. It's something else to promote a hate vendetta, and to jeer at bodies and the processes of aging. Looks like whoever did this is still at the smearing-shit-on-the-walls stage. Why give it space?

Renee Rodin

We have received numerous calls and letters regarding the "Alex Varty Hate Club" graphic which

appeared in last month's issue. The graphic related to an Airhead letter and was not intended as an attack upon Alex. We assumed that people would read the actual letter and understand the relevance of the graphic; sorry, our mistake, we should have included a caption. Incidentally, we called Alex to get his reaction. He was not offended (honest) and hoped that through continued mentions of his name in Disorder he would become as famous as Rick Gibson.

YEAH, VIOLA!

Dear Airhead,

After reading Viola's piece on cereal, I am now convinced that we are in fact the same person. 70s cereals never die...
J.P.J.K.

of Sniffy was a performance piece. Do you think there shouldn't have been a protest? Do you feel used by Mr. Gibson? The protesters were artists too, and they yanked the event out of the control of Mr. Gibson. Mr. Gibson's little artistic world-bubble was burst by artists more powerful than he. That day he created nothing but excitement for the anti-performance protesters, when they saw what they had created; the look of fear in his eyes as he was slapped and kicked at. Mr. Gibson was clearly not in control of the situation, and, having lost control, had no role in the "performance", except as "subject". It was the protesters' piece all the way, and they should savour their artistic victory, rather than bicker and in-fight. I was very disappointed

CENTRO DI COMUNICAZIONE RISTRETTA

Vancouver
British Columbia
Canada



Disorder received this month's "NO NAME LETTER" on paper bearing this mysterious letterhead. Anyone with any information regarding the individual(s) responsible should contact Alex Varty or the god of their choice.

NO NAME LETTER

Dear Airhead,

To "Logic Bomb":

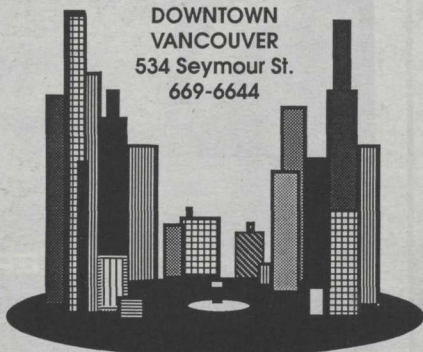
So What's your point? So Mr. Gibson's attempted snuffing

that Disorder decided to run an interview with Mr. Gibson. And it was frustrating to read that Mr. Gibson is not afraid of negative reaction. He's not afraid "that

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**TRIBAL
WARES**

someone's gonna break down my door and whatever". Maybe he's just being brave, but I doubt it. He's just stupid and underestimates the power of anyone else's art other than his own. His comments indicate that this "performance event" is not yet complete, and the creation desired has not yet taken shape. Mr. Gibson has not yet received his "free art lesson". So teach you "art school punks" and "skinheads". And learn! "Rick Gibson". To the "Man Sherbert".

What's with dising Red Robinson? The man is an avid collector of both movies and music, and he selflessly shares fruits of his labours with the public at large! It's hard trying to dig up those great shows! They're cool! We should be thanking him. This "dont trust anyone over 30" shick is bullshit and has got to go.

To "Viola Funk": You've done it again! You've hi-jacked a much needed public space dedicated to the printed exposure of local bands and gigs, and turned it into an idiotic, irrelevant, indecipherable sideshow. What are "Hooker-Women of the Roxy"? Why is Love Battery's lead singer thanking Mudhoney for the opening slot and bringing them up there, construed as "verbal ass-fucking"? Why do you think your "Roxy hookers" have come to see Tankhog?

You never explain your insane scribbles in your black note pad. You just relate them as if you are as bewildered by your comments as we (the readers) are. What is a "short man syndrome"? Let alone one "run amok". How can the lead singer be "fresh outta Chi Pig High" when the lead singer for Tankhog has been performing in his usual manner long before he'd ever seen SNFU live? Besides, the two front men are quite unique in their own right and patently un-similar! They never performed a New York Dolls cover (although they introduced one). How do you perceive them to have a large contingent of "groupies"? How do you identify said "groupies"? Girls dancing (sic) by the constraints of reality, and that would (sic) be so bad in itself, except that you are sharing your warped perceptions with a great deal of readers who are taking your "reviews" at face value. You are misrepresenting local bands (in this issue and others) to readers on the periphery of the "scene" who don't know better, because all they get is shit from you until they go out and see these acts for themselves (that is, if they still want to, after reading your tripe that poses as "coverage").

To continue: Mudhoney never made any stupid jokes about the Teemsters. That was a stupid

audience-goer who jumped on-stage. You got Mark Arm's ad-libbed audience participation chant wrong; it was "Where are we? The Town Pump! What are we? Live!" They never did a Fastbacks cover. They said they thought Tankhog's rendition of The Sweet's "Action" was cool, and they asked the crowd if anyone had seen The Fastbacks' version of The Sweet's "Set Me Free". Mudhoney no Green River phoenix. Mark Arm is the only Mudhoney that sports that questionable pedigree. The rest of the Greeners are in the abysmal Mother Love Bone.

To Chris Buchanan: I'm glad you did not knuckle under and remove "Welcome to the Terror-dome". Your decision showed intelligence and integrity. Now if only you could use those same powers of judgement to address the existence of records by NWA, among others, on the CTR playlist. Especially after the American Ku Klux Klan's recent endorsement of NWA as "the Ku Klux Klan's favorite rap group". Other recording artists that offend, among others, our organization, include JESUS LIZARD, GG ALLIN, POISON IDEA, THE CRO MUGS, AGNOSTIC FRONT, TURELO CHAIN SEX, THE RUTHIOLE SURFERS, RAPEMAN, THE BEASTIE BOYS, TWO LIVE CREW, WARZONE, and THE MENTORS among others.

I suggest you re-read your CRTC Broadcasting Act in regards to the "artists" listed above. PLEASE PRINT THIS PART: In addition, we ignore the clandestine and/or above-ground feminist, gay and lesbian, and anti-racist groups to educate themselves with what CTR programs under the guise of "alternative" and take action and get involved with the campus radio station that purports to represent you.

Peace y'all.
P.S. Alex Vary is god.

So, like, which member of Tankhog are you friends with? There was no connection made between the "Hooker-Women of the Roxy" and Tankhog. And why didn't you sign your name? Or at least "you sign your name"?

YEAH, VIOLA!

Dear Aikhead, I am writing in response to the four (count 'em) negative replies to Viola Funk's February "Real Live Action" column. Sour grapes, people! I don't blame her one iota for concentrating on the proliferation of silly equipment in Bamf's performance. Believe me, there wasn't much else to concentrate on. The fact is that for most people, and certainly those in attendance at The Town Pump that night, Bamf's music is just plain boring. You snooze, you looze.

Ms. Funk was also criticized for her misrepresentation of certain people's genders, concentrating on Alex Vary, and not

"supporting" local bands, regardless of how awful their music is. Look, it's great that people take the time to write in letters expressing their opinions, but at least Mr. Funk doesn't write moronic "they-came-on-it-was-great-and-they-left" reviews like one might discover in pulp like the Straight or John "Monosyllabic" Mackie in the Sun. I'm sure Disorder could always use more reviewers, so why not give it a shot yourself... Pete Stonderove, Peter Lipkiss, and Elizabeth Fischer?

Viola Funk captured the very strange, shrewed and just plain fucked up atmosphere of that particular evening.

Sincerely,
Anthony Hempell

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Dear Aikhead,
I am still a sick man. Yet my wretched life and hence the incessant torment associated with it continues. Oh please, carry on despising me if it makes you feel that your insect-like lives have even the remotest form of importance. My heart and soul have already been soured by over a century's worth of hatred, deceit and contempt injected into my bloodstream by my so-called fellow countrymen. More appropriately I should call them my co-sufferers for they too are sick with the same infectious cancer which has gnawed their flesh down to the bare bone.

But in recent times my heart has felt a margin of lightness as now it seems our country's great leaders (how great they are I hope to never know for fear I would evacuate my stomach's contents) have, at last decided to abandon the hopeless charade which they embarked upon early in this century. I should tell I say. Now we return to the true matters of living: open hatred, jealousy and coveting of the material objects of all those people we hate. Once again we can return to the natural (shall I say Darwinian) process of trodding upon the shoulders and heads of those around us to raise ourselves out of the muck and stench of the masses and into the ranks of an openly accepted elite. There we may roll in the rank of excrement deposited upon us by the hatred and jealousy of the masses whom we refer to sardonically as the backbone of the country.

But alas, I grow excited and I must vent myself presently. For the first time in ages I can feel the faint pulse of my heart which forces my poisoned blood through my hardened veins. Please do not misinterpret my meaning. I still despise even you but I feel this old bitter soul must thank you for whatever role your countries have played in this return to the natural business of living and hating.

Underground Man

P.S. Yes, remove the facade, the veil, so we may see the tormented tortured faces and laugh full-heartedly at them.

DISORDER HATE CLUB

CRUEL

IMMATURE



Tell what you hate most about Disorder in your letter.

Just looking AT that picture makes you want to join! Even if you've never read DISORDER! When all the letters are received from people wanting to join, they will all be shipped to the Disorder staff themselves!

C'mon, look at that picture again! doesn't it make you sick!! Weed, eh? Get your pen & paper out now!! When you join the club, you will receive a official hate club membership card, Plus a year subscription to That Sickening Mag to line the bird cage with! Remember, look at that picture, and WRITE!

HURTFUL

Disorder Hate Club 613B SOB BOULEVARD (CITR)
VANCOUVER BC CANADA V6T 2A5.

Here's what some local celebrity Disorder Hate Club members have to say:

- "I think [DISORDER] showed a real lack of sensitivity"
- local nostalgia record store owner
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LAUREL WELLMAN &
TWO GUYS NAMED JOHN

"We have nothing against intellectuals," says John Flansburgh. One half of New York-based duo They Might Be Giants, he's sitting in the chilly basement greenroom of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre wearing a parka. He's eager to defend the band's music against charges by Rolling Stone that it's overly cerebral.

tarded, but we became good friends." The band, which has formed a few years later in New York, where Flansburgh was attending art school at the Pratt Institute.

"I would never have imagined art school could be so square," he says. "I couldn't tell anyone I was in a band or I would have lost all my credibility as a student. I was performing at the Pyramid Club on Wednesday nights and coming in to class on Thursday completely bleary-eyed and they were like, 'What happened to you?' And I was like, 'Oh, nothing.'"

The band chose the name They Might Be Giants from the title of a 1971 movie starring Joanne Woodward and George C. Scott, even though, as Flansburgh says, "It's kind of a sucky movie. We just gave ourselves that name because it

"When you're writing a pop song it's like you versus the entire Lennon-McCartney catalogue"

"People hear our music and they don't understand how it could not be a self-conscious thing. We're most misunderstood in that people think there's this very distant approach to the way we write our songs. I think basically we put our songs together in very much the same way the guys in Metallica do. We just sit with our instruments and sing, and we have to be really completely wide-awake and really excited by the sound that we're making, and go, 'That's really cool! I can't believe how cool that sounds!' It's this very real-life, passionate kind of thing to do. It's not something that we listen to a record and go, 'That's an interesting rhythm. I think we should take that apart and apply it to our many ideas.'"

"The main thing about it is that we don't go to the trouble of explaining anything to ourselves until it reaches the interview stage," adds John Linnell, They Might Be Giants' other member.

Linnell and Flansburgh met in elementary school in Lincoln, Massachusetts (hence the title of their second LP). "The first thing I ever heard about John (Linnell) was that he was in the hospital because he had lost his spleen. And everyone in my class had to write him a get-well card," says Flansburgh. Twenty-nine and thirty respectively, he and Linnell have been friends since high school. "You know how kids don't intermingle between grades. It's kind of a sign of being socially re-

seemed like an interesting, paranoid set of words."

"Sometimes I wonder if the name is even that great," says Linnell. "I think we've had a hard time convincing people that They Might Be Giants is not about me and John. People think we're egomaniacs because we're saying, 'We're giants, man. We're big.'"

"But basically, every band name gets used as a weapon of torture," observes Flansburgh.

The Giants' early lack of a record deal inspired the band to start their Dial-A-Song phone line, still operating today at (718) 387-6962 and featuring a new song every 24 hours. "We were just guys in a local band in New York doing a lot of home recording," says Flansburgh. "No one was interested in what we were doing so we had plenty of time to write songs. We thought we needed a way, other than playing in clubs, to get our stuff heard."

The band members do most of their songwriting separately. "People are so anxious to hear that you're twins and best friends and inseparable that when you admit that you do stuff apart they suddenly think you're completely not working in tandem," says Flansburgh. "It definitely is a partnership and I think it is a very positive collaboration. Basically, one person starts a song and guides it through, and the other person offers up an honest appraisal of it, which is a valuable

thing to have."

"We obviously have a certain distance on the other's ideas," says Linnell. "We feel equipped to criticize the other person. If some random person was telling me that they hated my song I probably would not be as inclined to change part of it or throw it away."

The success of the poppy single "Birdhouse In Your Soul," a song which is in some ways atypical of the group's work, surprises Linnell. "I think it's too bad in a way. I feel least proud, in some ways, of the lyrics to 'Don't Let's Start' and 'Birdhouse.' The way that songs are set up to be blockbusters, it's hard to do the most specific stuff, the stuff that seems the most meaningful to us. I think of 'Chesspiece Face' and 'Whistling In the Dark,' songs with a lot more going on in them, because they have such a specific mood that they're giving off. You have a strong sense that they've been done correctly and that they're really saying what they're trying to be saying."

"Also, they might seem like more singular songs," says Flansburgh. "When you do a song like 'Chesspiece Face,' you're on your own. You're dealing with songwriting on your own personal terms. When you're writing a pop song it's like you versus the entire Lennon-McCartney catalogue."

"The melody came first," says Linnell of "Birdhouse In Your Soul." "I think that's how you come up with your most oblique lyrics, by having a melody that's completely done and knowing that certain syllables are probably going to work better in certain places. You really end up going, 'Blue canary in the outlet by the light switch,' by default."

In a similarly organic manner, the title of the new album, "Flood," grew out of the way in which the Giants compose their material.

Says Flansburgh, "We just thought it was a good kind of a...

"Name," Linnell says.
"Good name. I don't know."
"It was his idea," claims Linnell.

"We have a lot of tapes and computer disks when we're putting things together, that hold ten different songs or ten different sounds or whatever," Flansburgh explains. "I end up giving things group names that have nothing to do with what's on them, because there's no way to describe it otherwise. And so I just named a disc 'Flood' just because it seemed like a word. I don't know, I heard it on TV or something. I wrote it on the disc, and John saw it and went, 'Huh!'

"It's an interesting word. It's a very non-emotionally loaded natural disaster. Everything gets naturally upset in this very complete way, but it's not very hysterical. People don't go 'FLOOD!' We just like the idea of things being completely shifted. Things happen in floods that are interesting. It re-draws the horizon line in a way that makes you re-think everything. It's a living-with-disaster title and cover."

Because there are only two band members, They Might Be Giants tour using backing tapes. Onstage, Linnell plays saxophone and accordion, while Flansburgh plays guitar, harmonica, and a marching band bass drum so heavy that during the Giants' European tour he developed severe backstrain. Their current tour, recent signing to a major record label, and the release of "Flood" has dramatically increased the band's visibility.

"I have to admit I feel kind of ambivalent about people considering us to be somehow rock stars rather than just an interesting band," says Flansburgh. "I really enjoy being the alternative, rather than the oppressive person you can't avoid in the culture."

The Giants gave a lot of thought to their decision to jump from U.S. indie Bar/None to Elektra. "They seemed like the least sucky of all the major record labels," Flansburgh says. "They have 10,000 Maniacs, The Sugarcubes, Tracy Chapman, and Motley Crue."

"And Metallica," adds Linnell. "We also got the impression that they among the major labels were going to not interfere as much in what we're doing. I don't think we would have signed a major if we didn't feel we were going to be able to do what we wanted, or at least have the amount of control that we had on the first two albums."

"There was really a reason why we stayed independent as long as we did. We probably could have gotten a major label deal right after our first record, because we sold a lot of records, but it was important to us that we just do the thing that we're interested in and not have to deal with so much of the market forces," explains Flansburgh. "We feel very lucky that we're with Elektra, because it's entirely possible that a big record company would have really tried to ruin us."

He adjusts his black-framed glasses and reflects. "I don't listen to our old records and think things failed, but I can tell when we're stretching out. It seems like a good thing to be in a band that is interested in stretching out."





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THE BRITISH THRASH-RANT POET FROM HELL

ATTILA-THE STOCKBROKER

by Peter Lutwyche

ATTILA the Stockbroker has got it all worked out and he doesn't mind telling you. In March, just before his gig at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre, he dropped by CTR for an on-air interview which in forty-five minutes covered such diverse topics as God, East Germany, Canadian T.V., Existentialism, Heavy Metal, Public Enemy and dogfish. A committed Socialist with a wicked sense of humour, Attila quickly cut through standard interview bullshit to get straight to what he sees as the important issues of today.

...Attila the Stockbroker on Canadian audiences...

I'm always going to be talking about Britain 'cause that's my home. Equally, I have the capacity to write stuff that is international. I have some new stuff which is about Canada, as Canada is so like the U.K. in many ways. You have the naff politicians here like we do, like Vander Zalm and John Crosbie - that type of generic patronizing, dumb, sexist, prat politician. So I've picked up on that and also the linguistic thing 'cause I'm francophone as well so I can identify to some degree with the way that francophones feel and the way that other people feel about them. I've also got some stuff about catching dogfish in Campbell River!

...on television...

I don't watch a lot of T.V. usually but when I'm on the road, staying in hotel rooms, I wake up in the morning, put the television on - twenty-four channels, twenty-four total loads of smegma. I can't believe how many game shows! I mean a moronic game show followed by a moronic chat show, which is bad enough, but with incredibly moronic advertising every three minutes...that just blows your mind!

...on Canadian college radio...

The great thing about Canada is that there are all these college radio stations. In the U.K. they talk about freedom of the airwaves and deregulating things but all it's gonna be is more and more independent stations setting up and playing the same crap, the same stuff over and over again. At least here there is an alternative.

...on the U.S.A...

I have an allergy about America. I have a deep suspicion of the psyche of the Americans. Having said that, there is a tremendous amount of good people in the States and I can envisage myself going to the northern cities. I could see myself going

down...well, to Seattle or Boston but I certainly don't want to go and play somewhere like Houston or Atlanta. I think I might end up getting lynched! Billy Bragg told me that he went on stage somewhere in Georgia wearing a Lenin t-shirt and people started throwing darts at him!

...on his ranting roots...

Punk really did change the way I felt about music. The basic idea of it was that anyone could do it. I had some ideas of my own that I wrote for bands that didn't seem to work out, so I just started getting up and doing ten minute slots between bands at punk gigs. It developed from there...really 'cause once you've taken on audiences at punk rock gigs, you can do virtually anything. Now I do everything from literature festivals to hardcore gigs.

...on poetry...

One of the basic things about me was that I wanted to present the idea of being a poet in a different way. We called it "ranting," which was a pretty good term to describe it, but now I see what I do in much broader terms - more serious, introspective stuff as well as the straight total thrash.

...on 'Factory Gods' and religion...

Religion has been used throughout history as a way of dividing people, making their lives a misery; you know the idea that was spread through hundreds of years - if you're poor and you're living in crap conditions, that's the way you should be 'cause that's the way God has ordained it and you'll get your reward in heaven. As Jean-Jacques Rousseau once said, "All religion sucks and absolute religion sucks absolutely!"

...on Thatcher's plummeting popularity in Britain...

When I first heard about this idea of poll tax, I thought, "Yeah, we must get this introduced 'cause that is one definite way of

getting this horrible, horrible nightmare to a close as quickly as possible!" I knew it was absolute political suicide - everybody knows that it is ridiculously unfair that someone in a council flat on forty pounds a week has got to pay the same amount for local services as a millionaire who lives in a castle. Although there's been a lot of dickheads in Britain recently who have been voting for Thatcher and have been subscribing to this awful "I'm alright, Jack" philosophy, basically, people, even prats, have some vestigial idea of social justice. Of course, the last time they tried to introduce a poll tax was in 1381 and it brought about the Peasants' Revolution. And we've got another peasants' revolt happening now! About bloody time too!

...on the changes in Eastern Europe...

I've done five tours in the G.D.R. and before coming to Canada, I was there doing some gigs and some fund-raising for the Party of Democratic Socialists, the reformed communist party, who actually did very well in the elections. They got sixteen percent of the vote, which is good compared to what was expected. How about this for biased journalism? Forty-one percent for the Sandanistas in Nicaragua is a massive defeat; forty-one percent for Thatcher in 1979 was a great victory; thirty-eight percent for the Christian Democratic Union in the G.D.R. is a great victory! It's complete doublethink (the American newmedia). Talk about Communism as though Marx intended the communist paradise to be run by Ceausescu or Honecker. It's up to us to say that socialism isn't about grey, horrible societies run by totalitarian dickheads who build ridiculous great palaces to their own personal aggrandisement; it's just about caring and compassion.

...on Salman Rushdie...

I'm a writer and my father was a writer and it's something that I feel very strongly about, not just that these people have condemned him to death for writing a book which is a great work of anti-racist fiction, but also that a lot of people are frightened of speaking out. Personally, I think he's in Albania, the only country with an atheist constitution - what a great idea!

...on Public Enemy...

I'm unashamedly untrendy, if being trendy involves wearing flares, liking Acid House, liking Stone Roses or liking misogynistic, violent rappers who go on about guns and wasting people and all the rest of it. I don't make any distinction at all between playing Public Enemy and playing Skrewdriver (an English Nazi band). I think both bands spell racism, and specifically, anti-semitism, which, after the awful things that happened in World War Two and throughout history, you'd think it would be the end of that story. For it to start up again is just unbelievable. I'd go as far as: Anyone who plays Public Enemy is condoning the murder of six million Jews because they are carrying on an evil tradition that has existed in human society for two thousand years of persecuting minorities. Ironically, for black people, who themselves have suffered so much persecution in the past, turn around and start blaming Jews! If it weren't so awful, it'd be like something from a Monty Python script.

...and on his cover of Motorhead's "Ace of Spades"...

I'm very proud of this...I listened to the Motorhead song and I realized that Lemmy had pretty much summed up the basic tenets of the twentieth century existentialist movement - I suspect unconsciously. I've never been aware of Lemmy as a fan of existentialist thought! I'm doing a Venom cover now - they're a Satanist band. They're absolutely appalling but anybody who can write lyrics like...

I drink the vomit of the priest,
Make love to the dying whore,
I suck the blood of the beast,
And hold the key to death's door.

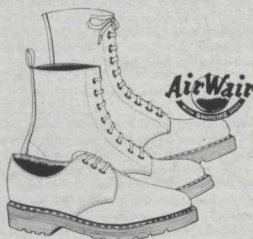
...definitely deserves to have the piss taken out of them!

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Pat Carroll talks to Tracy Tracy

Lusting after a short, famous, blond/redhead girl/woman is hardly the most original pastime for a heterosexual male to indulge in. However, if the aforementioned female is in a rock band you can at least pretend you have some legitimate reason for speaking to her. Tracy Tracy of The Primitives is, or has been, all of the above. Discreator spoke to her on the eve of her band's Vancouver show with The Sugarcubes.

RUN BABY RUN

"As far as touring goes, fans sort of appreciate us as much here as they do in England... I suppose there is no big difference apart from the obvious things, like having to travel further distances between shows."

KEEP ME IN MIND

"Paul ('Perfect' Paul, the band's guitar player) writes the words and the chords and then the band works it out and arranges it, the harmonies, backing vocals... it's very much a unit."

Do you ever change the lyrics?

"I do change them from time to time. I used to have a lot of troubles with them, but now I just write my own little story board in my head."

CRASH

"Crash was written within six weeks of the band being together. Then we put it aside and revived it. Paul was strumming along and it sounded brilliant."

(Crash was the band's first major label single in the UK, where it went top five and made them famous.)

STOP KILLING ME

"For this second album ('Pure'), we wanted to have the band in the studio on their own and not have anybody interfering. On the first album there was quite a few people; producers, who we didn't particularly want."

CARRY ME HOME

Where does the band make its home these days?

"Make its home?"

Where do you live?

"We all still live in Coventry, where the band started."



NEVER TELL

How would you describe your bandmates?

"We've got some strange personalities in this band. We all get along really well. It's quite surprising. You're living out of each others' pockets... so you have to get on, and we do. We all just click together and after a couple of weeks on the road we all just start going insane."

I'LL STICK WITH YOU

"The main person I really like is Marc Bolan from T. Rex. That has always been one of my favorites from when I was really young. And I can still stick any of it on and play it madly and love it. Apart from Marc Bolan I don't like many people's whole works. It's probably the same for the rest of the band."

I WANNA BE YOUR DOG

"We do covers from time to time... 'I'll

Be Your Mirror,' 'As Tears Go By,' 'Ticket To Ride' and 'I Wanna Be Your Dog.'" (giggles)

DIZZY HEIGHTS

Morrissey has said you are one of his favorite bands.

"Oh that was years ago. I suppose it was important then. We were up and coming and didn't know anyone."

SICK OF IT

"That gets on my nerves really. It seems to annoy me more than anyone. The band just accepts it. I just wish people would open their eyes and see we are a complete unit, complete together. People ask for me specifically and it makes the gap even bigger."

I was just told, 'You're talking to her.'

"Oh her, HER!!" (giggles, slightly annoyed)

OUT OF REACH

"I go to a lot of second hand clothing stores, antique clothing stores. I hate most mass produced clothes. Occasionally I make something."

SECRETS

Do you feel as though you're in competition with bands like Transvision Vamp (a band referred to by some as their Evil Twin)?

"No, we're two completely different bands. The only comparison you can make is that you've got two (pauses) entertaining females, that's it."

NOTHING LEFT

Is there any question you've never been asked, but always wanted to give an answer to?

"No." (giggles, turning to laughter)



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The night was March 12th. The event was Tad and Nirvana's much-anticipated *Town Pump* show. We JIGGLE boys took the opportunity to speak with Tad, perhaps Seattle's heaviest band. Understandably, we were somewhat nervous at the prospect of interviewing the big man himself. So, with traditional JIGGLE ingenuity, we purchased a 12-pack of Healesen darts as a special interview icebreaker. To our delight, Tad's eyes lit up as we presented him with our offering. He and Kurt, the band's bass player, entertained and informed us in a calorie-laden rap session that went a little something like this...

Disorder: The first thing you should know, Tad, is that we are just good conversationalists, not interviewers.

Tad: That's fine.

Disorder: So, is this the last leg of your tour? Kurt: Actually, the deal is we did a West Coast tour a couple of weeks ago, and we've been back in Seattle about two weeks. This show is the preliminary to the next leg of our tour to the East Coast, Midwest and Southeast. We're leaving Sunday for New Jersey after a few more local shows. It's going to take us five days to reach New Jersey and once there we're going to play a series of shows with These Hyponotics from England, and some shows by ourselves. Just coverin' the heartland.

D: Is it kinda gross knowing you'll be living in a van for a long time?

K: It's pretty gross. This tour won't be that bad, but it got really bad last summer on our first tour. It was 100-plus degrees and sweaty. It was hell. In Washington, D.C. it was 90 percent humidity, 110 degrees, and we had a three-day layover where we sat in this guy's house and smoked pot.

T: And sweated. Not even moving. Just sat there and sweated.

K: We were in the nation's capital and we didn't even see the sights. The monuments were lost on us. We just spent our time getting high and watching Andrew Dice Clay videos.

At this point we couldn't help but notice the fine burgundy of which Tad and Kurt were partaking, and the conversation shifted to the band's current wine phase. Their rider had allowed them several cases that evening. We were awestruck. "That's a lot of beer."

"No," said Tad. "That's a lot of wine."

D: With the fine taste you have in wine, do you also eat gourmet food?

T: Aw no, we just hang out at the AM-PM Mini Mart and get the three-for-a-dollar hot dogs.

K: We try to get the cheapest blush they got, slam it down, get a kinda wacky wine buzz, get dry mouth, drink some water and drink another bottle of wine. You might puke sooner or later but it sure is good.

T: When you're as big as me you can't just keep drinking beer and hoping to get buzzed 'cause it's not going to happen.

D: So you drink wine for the general sophistication of it?

T: Or the general unsophistication of being a wino?

D: Does the wine add your performance?

T: Well, I used to smoke a lot of pot before shows and drink a lot of beer and it made me more reserved and a little more laid back. Not quite the fun-loving and happy guy I am now. But now I don't smoke pot any more. I just drink wine and I'm a complete lunatic.

K: He becomes Luciano.

T: Luciano Letshavaparty.

D: You're so punk rock!

K: I'm happy to hear you say that. That's what we consider ourselves.

D: Does Sub Pop shy away from you because of that?

T: They shy away from us more and more as the day goes on.

D: Are you a popular band in your hometown, Seattle?

T: In Seattle the press has dubbed us worthless and useless, yet everywhere else we've gone the press digs us. But we have quite a good following in Seattle now. At first people weren't quite sure. They'd just sit there and look at each other going, "Well, what do you think?"

D: When you play a show with other bands from Sub Pop, and your sound is different, how are you received?

T: It doesn't matter what we do. Whatever we do is going to be us and even if we tried to sound like Blue Cheer or Hendrix, it's not going to sound like Blue Cheer or Hendrix.

K: And sometimes we have tried, and either through incompetence or design it comes out sounding really bad. So we tend not to sound like anyone else.

D: You (Tad) played all the instruments on your first single, "Daisy." Why did you decide to take on that project?

T: I wanted to make music. I wanted to try it. I'm originally a drummer and I've only been playing guitar for two years and I think anybody, if he wants to do it, can do it. I had these songs I could hear in my head, like Charles Manson.

D: So how did this lineup come together?

T: Kurt was in a different band at the time, called "Bundle of Hiss," with the drummer from Mudhoney.

K: Actually, Tad joined a couple of weeks before it broke up, so Tad and I were sitting there and thought, "Well, there is this Tad single out, so why don't we call the band Tad and write more songs in the same vein." I'm really pleased to hear you say we're punk rock, 'cause so many interviewers say we're a heavy metal band.

D: Is there a serious sweat problem in the band? Do you have to change clothes a lot?

K: There surely is some serious sweating going on.

T: We change clothes only if someone shits or barfs on themselves.

K: That was the European tour where Tad would either shit on himself, or barf on himself, or other people, every day.

T: Sometimes it would even happen in the morning. I had morning sickness really bad in Holland.

D: Have you delivered yet?

T: Coming up. Me and Bubba here (patting his tummy) are sticking together.

D: Did the European tour open doors for you? Was it worthwhile?

T: It was a blast!

K: It was really surprising to see audiences react that way to us, going fucking nuts every time we played.

T: It made us realize the Seattle press is full of shit.

D: I assume distribution of your new EP, "Salt Lick," will be good overseas, but what about here?

K: Caroline (a major indie) is going to handle distribution for the EP and Sub Pop is also on the verge of making a deal with a very major record company. That's actually been one of our gripes — the collector mentality that goes along with Sub Pop is pretty bogus. Sometimes it's cool because it gets attention for the label, but sooner or later you want to sell some records. That's all the limited-edition crap we've been against from the beginning. We've got three thousand records out there. They're collectable, but nobody's got them.

(The Pussy Galore/Tad split 45 has reportedly sold for \$45 in California and £50 in Britain.)

D: Your songwriting is so demented... Is it tongue-in-cheek, or are you trying to offend?

T: It's a combination.

K: On one hand, we have this black humour running through our lyrics that a lot of people miss. They say we're misogynists, freaks, mean, inconsiderate, satanists, blah, blah, blah. Yet we also have the attitude that we know some people are going to be shocked by this, so why don't we throw this in and provoke them. **D:** Is that why you titled your LP "God's Balls"?

K: Actually, Tad and I were watching a porno flick and there was this priest getting a blow job and he was saying, "God's balls! Baby, that feels good! God's balls!"

D: Who's your favourite porno star?

T: I'm glad you brought that up because Kurt and I have our own public-access cable show reviewing porno videos, but we don't get to show anything, just talk about it.

K: Mention a title, a director, a few stars and then right to the plot.

D: But who is your favourite porno star?

K: Kascha. She's nasty!

D: Why does your latest t-shirt feature the slogan, "Alcohol is the match, marijuana is the flame, heroin is the fuse and LSD is the bomb," as well as a giant picture of a mud-chuckin' truck?

K: The phrase is from a "Dragnet" episode with a quasi-Timothy Leary guy who spewed all this drug culture b.s.

T: Joe Friday told him, "Look, mister, you can sell that line of bullshit to some other pothead, but marijuana is the... and then we added the alcohol bit.

D: So... are you straight edge?

K: No. If anything, we celebrate drugs.

D: Who's your favourite mud-slingin' four-by-four?

T: The Gravedigger!

D: Any last words?

T: Be free, be furious, be fine with your juices. Let them fly free!

K: Yeah!



Story by Mike and Gav

**Rob Boper chats it up with
Bjork Gudmundsdottir**

18 DISORDER

'why not?' It took us a year of arguing with lawyers because we are a stubborn bunch of people and we wanted to be our own managers. So we had to set all the rules and go into lawyers' meetings 'cause we wanted to make sure no one was using us. After a year of that we finally reached an agreement and started touring. We've been on tour for almost three years now and we're thinking of stopping in the summer and taking care of Bad Taste for a while."

Now that you are big international recording stars like Slim Whitman and Richard Clayderman, not to mention Zamfir, prince of the pan flute, do people in Iceland respect you or are you still weirdos?

"I think people have learned to respect us because they think we have money, which we don't because we put it all back into Bad Taste. They think we have

country that most people know very little about, and hasn't been involved in any major wars in the last three decades?

"No. If anything we got too much respect, too much attention. People taking it as a miracle that we could actually hold guitars and use electricity because we came from Iceland. Do people think that Iceland is Greenland or something? And they seem to think that we live in igloos or something. Iceland is not that different from Norway or Scotland. People in the States seem to be very self-centered, like the only place on earth is the USA."

But isn't that true. Ask any American and they will tell you that the US of A is the only place in the world, that they know of, anyway. Except for maybe Columbia, which seems to be a very important country for many Americans. They must like the skiing there or something, because they are always talking about how much they like that Columbian snow. And I thought Columbia was near the equator. Sorry Bjork, I digress, I don't usually do that. Why don't you tell us about your two albums (Both available on WEA cassette/album/compact disc at your local retail outlet. While you're there check out some of our other releases on WEA. This

country that could do more than just push the record button, which was all we knew how to do for the first album. Both albums have their good points and bad points and I don't think either of the ways was a better way. I don't prefer one album to the other."

What about the British music press? They seem to be more interested in selling papers than sharing any (Also available on WEA cassette/album/compact disc is the latest compilation of Zeppelin rarities 'Led Poisoning.' A must for all fans of the Zep. This is the Police. Come out with your hands up. We will give you one last chance, then we use force and advanced editing techniques to remove you from this article. The editor is starting to lose his patience. This is the Police. Come out with your hands up.) relevant information to their readers. I know you are quite frustrated with them as well.

"I guess we are noticing now that the British music press - who think they 'invent' us, which I think is crap - they look at them - selective - with such big eyes. They think that they are brilliant. They think that they made our music. It's ridiculous. When we first got recognition from them I guess we were pretty arrogant. We stuck to our guns and said what we thought. We had decided before Melody Maker ever discovered 'Birthday' that we were going to do things our way. We noticed pretty early on that they weren't telling the truth. They were making things look like we were a naive band that they discovered somewhere. The first year they treated us very badly, like we were stupid and we were their darlings and like we were just so

happy to be famous. And when they realized that we actually had opinions on things and that our music wasn't an accident - it was something that we had worked a lot on and it was precious to us - they sort of became disappointed. It's really strange. It was like, 'Shit, we can't control them anymore.' It's a very big thing in England. Rock music is very designed. Most of the bands I've seen are like one guy has a bath and gets an idea. 'Let's have a band and play this sort of music and wear that sort of clothes, and do that sort of thing.' And then the press decides whether or not this band is in or out, there is nothing in between. It's either trendy or not trendy. People don't

like... polluting our airwaves. One thing that makes the Sugarcubes more interesting than bands like Simply Red is use of both English and Icelandic. Which do you prefer to sing in?

"I prefer to sing in Icelandic, but it is very important for me to sing in English. It is important to me that people understand the lyrics. I write all the songs in Icelandic and then translate them. It's very important that people understand us. I mean, I could be doing this interview in Icelandic and it wouldn't get us anywhere, would it?"

No, but if we put it to a good beat and scratched a little...

"I make my lyrics and Einar makes his lyrics. We decided that it is not good that someone else translate our lyrics. The only difference is that our vocabulary is not as big in English as it is in Icelandic. So sometimes they are quite simple words, but the meaning is always the same. We have been speaking English so much that the atmosphere is usually similar."

One thing that has disturbed me throughout this interview is that Bjork will occasionally start giggling at any given moment. I kept wishing that I could chalk it up to my bining wit winning her over, but somehow I doubt it. I kept picturing Einar sitting there on the floor, tickling Bjork's feet. How dare he! During my interview! The nerve of the guy, I mean, what does he do anyway?

"Einar is not in the band because he is a musician. He is in the band - it sounds tacky, but he wants to express himself just as he is - as a character. I guess that's why it comes across that while the rest of us are maybe fiddling with mu-

sic, the only thing he can do is to be himself."

With Einar you either love him or hate him. The first time I saw the Sugarcubes, I thought he was an arrogant bastard, trying to outpace the band, and mouthing off and being rude every chance he got. But during the show at the Commodore I realized that this is Einar's job. And he does it well. Now I see him in the light of a sane person of course; it is purely platonic.

"As a band, we have very different opinions on everything - on music; we dress differently; we hate each other's food tastes. I think that's the only reason why we for such a long time stay together as a band. It's because we are all so different. I hate describing ourselves."

Well, then, let's stop. I don't want my face slapped on our very first interview. And anyway, that's Viola's job to be hated. I'm the nice guy on the Discorder-writing staff. Just ask me. Oh yeah, I'm the one asking the questions here. Have the last few years been what you had hoped? Is it fun?

"Yeah we are having fun, but we are starting to get a bit bored with things. For me at least, we have to look somewhere else. There are many things within Bad Taste that we can spend some time working on. It's been two years now. I think that it's most likely that we're going to take a few months break and then get back together and write some more songs. So I guess we won't be touring the States or Canada for at least another two years or something."

(But then how will we sell our product? How will I keep my job at WEA. Get out on the road, you lazy band, you. Tourtourtour. Productproductproduct... This is the Police. Do not bother coming out with your hands up. You have been warned. We are sending in the Editor. You are trespassing; there is no escape. This is the Police...)

How popular do you want to be?

"I would like to be world famous, but it would definitely have to be on my own terms. These terms, they come first. If I am supposed to be a prophet, then I haven't got a clue how famous we'll get because our career has been built on so many accidents. For example, I think one reason that the British music press picked us up was that there was nothing going on there, so they had to look somewhere else. So that's like one accident. Right things at the right times and that sort of stuff. As long as we're having fun and it's on our terms, we'll keep doing it."

Her last words to me will forever ring in my ears. Bjork, possessor of the world's cutest voice, said to me, and only to me...

"Bye."



money and people here respect people who are able to make money. I think we've got respect, but we don't tell anymore records than we did before. Iceland is a brilliant place. Even though you become huge, people in Iceland don't change towards you. It's a nice, honey place. You can't become a star. It's ridiculous, the word 'star.' Autographs, we didn't know what autographs were; we only seen them in movies."

Movies? You have movie theatres in Iceland? How can that be possible in a country that doesn't even have electricity? It must have been hard for you to venture forth from a savage country like Iceland into the civilized and automated comfort of the real world. Remote control big screen TVs, Rambo, Stealth Bombers, poverty, hunger, greed, manipulation, environmental disasters, the United States, CFOX... Did people treat you differently because you were from a small

month pick up the latest release from Phil Collins, a scintillating piece of work guaranteed to perk up any rainy day... This is the Police. Come out with your hands up. We know that a WEA rap has infiltrated this article. This is the police. Come out with your hands up... Do you like one more than the other?

"I don't feel better about one of them; they were just done differently. First 'Life's Too Good' was recorded just as an experiment in very tiny studios in Iceland. We didn't even look at us as a band then, no one knew who was in the band and who was not. It was recorded in many, many studios over a 15 month period and then taken to England. Whereas 'Here Today Tomorrow Next Week' was recorded after we had been touring for a little more than a year and we had, as a band, almost polished the songs to the point where we wanted them to be. Then we went into two studios in Iceland for one and a half months and recorded it with

take bands just as they are. With us, nobody designed us, we are just the only way we can be. The music business in Britain is a little like the Hollywood thing."

No kidding. The worst thing about many bands today is that they don't even take a bath. No one bathes, yet we still have people like Simply Red (This month only \$14.99 on WEA compact disc... This is the Police. Come out with your hands up. The Editor is on his way here now and he has an itchy delicate finger. This is the Po-

"You can use it to relax. Use it to fuck. Use it to release some energy. Use it to pretend you're a little dangerous." (1)

- Mike Gira, 1986

"More than add to that description which may or may not be from Michael's mouth, I would say with the change in the sound, the music is more appropriately used to reflect and cry and (pause) feel jubilant."

- Jarboe, 1990

With Lloyd Ullian

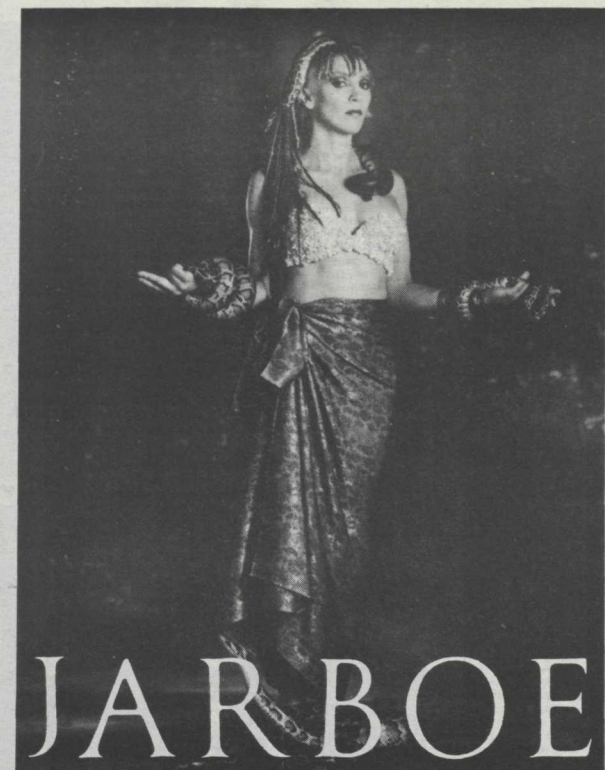
m

ike Gira and Jarboe are the core of the Swans. Since their "Fifth" LP in 1983, the New York-based Swans have bruised,

bludgeoned, and sonically violated their way into the rectum of underground America with their brand of plodding, overpowering, steamroller rock. In 1987 and then again in 1988, Jarboe and Gira collaborated on a project called Skin, releasing two LPs "Blood, Women, Roses" and "Shame, Humility, Revenge." Relying on the ethnic, ambient, and classical elements of Skin and the Swans' "Children of God" before it, last year's major label debut, "Burning World," signalled a new beginning for a band who had remained for so long on the fringes of alternative music. Last month an interview with Jarboe was aired on Join the Rhythm of Machines. It went something like this...

OFTEN WHEN CULT BANDS SIGN UP WITH CORPORATE RECORD COMPANIES, CRIES OF "SELLING OUT" AND SIMILAR ACCUSATIONS ARE HEARD. HAS YOUR SIGNING TO MCA MADE PEOPLE SUSPICIOUS OF YOUR INTENTIONS OR GOALS IN ANY WAY?
That's irrelevant to me. I really don't care. As a musician you have a responsibility, I think, to have your work made available and do whatever it takes to make your work available. I'm not creating music only for myself. I want other people to hear it, the giving and the communication. Ultimately, you're pleasing yourself with what you are doing, but you're sharing it with the world. I would say that the record company that we last worked with has been totally inept. I don't even care to comment further, except to say that definitely they are not going to be the future company for the Swans or myself (laughs).

I UNDERSTAND THAT THE "LOVE WILL TEAR US APART" SESSION WAS QUITE A SPIRITUAL AND EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE FOR YOU.



ENCE FOR YOU. WOULD YOU CARE TO RELAY THOSE EXPERIENCES?

From the time that we went into a little ham studio in New York where my version was recorded, until the time it was mixed and finished was less than four hours. I just went in and started singing it and an unexplainable form of possession came over me. I really felt completely consumed by Ian Curtis. I felt a lot of pain and (deep breath) very powerful emotions running through me and they weren't mine. They were in my opinion, his, and I feel that his spirit came into me when I was singing that song.

YOU WEREN'T A SWAN UNTIL 1986. WHAT ORIGINALLY ATTRACTED YOU TO MICHAEL'S WORK?

It's very hard to say what attracted me to Michael's work. It's just, as I've said in numerous interviews, that out of the three thousand plus albums that I owned at the time, I

listened to three of them on a daily basis. One of them was the "Goldberg Variations" played by Glenn Gould. Another was the sort of white light, high intensity Whitehouse from England, and the other was Swans' first album "Fifth." And they had a place in my life. When I played the Swans, I lifted weights because at the time I was working out five hours a day. I was something of a body-builder and music was really good for that. The lyrics were quite ambiguous, but I also thought they were quite intelligent because I knew that many times he probably meant the exact opposite of what he was saying. There was a lot of self-mockery and sarcasm and irony and thought provoking going on. I didn't think anyone was doing anything remotely like that and I was very compelled to find the people making that sound and the person writing those words. So I flew to New York and met Michael and interviewed him for an art magazine in Atlanta. He struck me as being a very inter-

esting person. I'd still say that he's most interesting person I've ever met.

I NOTICED ON THE "CHILDREN OF GOD" LP, THE SWANS BEGAN INCORPORATING AMERICAN WESTERN, ETHNIC, MEDITERRANEAN TEXTURES WHICH HAS CARRIED INTO "BURNING WORLD." WHOSE IDEA WAS IT TO BRING IN THE EXTENSIVE LIST OF SESSION MUSICIANS, AND WAS IT DIFFICULT TO ORGANIZE?

We started using, as you call it, "ethnic" musicians on Skin albums. There's an Indian oboe on some of Michael's songs and I think it has to do more with the way both of us look at the world and see the world as getting smaller and there being a real cross-over of music. Really, it goes into everything. You can eat almost any kind of cuisine from various parts of the world in most cities and you can go into a department store in a suburban shopping mall and buy

clothing that is inspired by Indian gauze and very exotic kinds of images. I think it shows an awareness of a consciousness about this being one planet, one world, and one earth. Bill Laswell ("Burning World" coproducer) knows a tremendous number of musicians from all over the world, so he actually contacted the people that play on the album. I would say that it was actually a combination of Michael's and Bill's ideas to bring in the various musicians like the wonderful Shankar on violin. Working with those people was incredible because a lot of the arrangements on the album, melodies that are underneath, the vocal melody, intros, outros, and embellishments are my ideas musically. I could sing these lines to Fred Frith or Shankar or the string section and then they would play it beautifully and bring it to life. It was really a nice way to work.

I'M CONCERNED WITH THE CONNOTATION DERIVED FROM YOUR POSING WITH SNAKES WHICH I HAVE BEEN TIED, IN BIBLICAL REFERENCES ANYWAYS, TO WOMAN'S SO-CALLED VANITY AND 2) SYMBOLIZED EVIL, SIN, AND MALE GENITALIA. WITHOUT BEING OVERLY ANALYTICAL, WHAT WAS THE APPEAL FOR YOU TO POSE WITH SNAKES ON "BLOOD, WOMEN, ROSES" RATHER THAN, SAY, WEARING A BASEBALL CAP?

The song "1000 Years" is inspired by the Ann Rice vampire novels. The woman that I'm portraying visually is a sort of Egyptian vampire priestess. The snake represents eternity. The snake is a symbol of eternity as it is constantly shedding its skin and being reborn. Also, the woman that I'm attempting to portray is the embodiment of this goddess/vampire/priestess rising from the swamp and she has these servants around her. So, it's sort of an image of barbaric elegance as it were and again this portrays the character that is singing "1000 Years." If you listen to the lyrics you'll see that it's most definitely a really beautiful set of words about the state of this one woman's existence...living through all time. She says "This body is a temple stolen from the Lord"; that's because she can't die. She's living in these cycles of one thousand years before she goes back down into the earth and then comes back again."

FOOTNOTES

1 "Dead Heat" by Biba Kopf in New Musical Express. March 8, 1986. p. 10.

HATENOTES

1 The first five members of the exclusive DISORDER HATE CLUB will receive a complimentary copy of the Swans' "Burning World" LP. (Page 9 for details)

Listen for new tapes from **Roots Roundup** and **Bruce A. and the Secular Atavists**, hopefully to be reviewed here next month. Bruce recently got to play guest deejay on CBC's *Nightlines* (hosted by former **UJ3RK5** member, David Wisdom), and he's getting heaps of mail in response to his contest question asking for definitions of *Secular Atavism*. Anyone who wants to get in on the contest, or at least to be sent exciting S.A. paraphernalia and propaganda, can write to Bruce and the gang at PO Box 1776, Station A, Vancouver, V6C 2P7. And this is valuable propaganda - the band's witty stickers helped get them a mention in Greil Marcus *Village Voice* column. Big time! The next step, they hope, is a record deal, so right now they're in *Vancouver Studios* working on another demo tape.

As for **Roots Roundup**, their newest cassette, recorded at *Profile*, is in the stores (the last one sold more than 2,000) and, after one of their not-uncommon lineup changes, they're off on another cross-Canada tour. Besides being the only band I know that actually makes money on tour (by playing, rather than selling t-shirts, I mean), they also play in places where other bands fear to tread, like *Dawson City*.

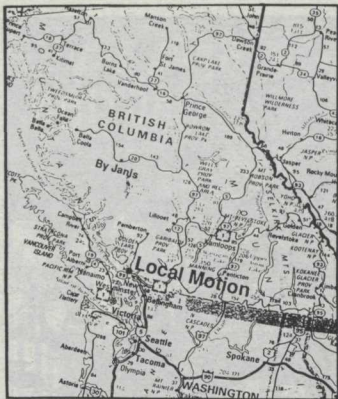
News from *Victoria*: **64 Funnycars**, who unfortunately lost singer/guitarist/t-shirt-and-poster-artist **Eric Cottrell** to a prestigious art director job in Japan, have found a replacement, **Robin Platt**. (According to the other Eric in the band, he "fits the

nerd image and plays swell guitar too.") The **Funnycars** have just recorded four songs for a 7" EP, to be called "Hog Wild," at *Egg Studios* in Seattle. Unfortunately, their collaborations with the **Young Fresh Fellows'** Scott McCaughey won't be included, but then there will be a song called "AMC Pacer" (definitely not a *Beach Boys* cover). I just hope this 7" doesn't take as long to come out as the LP did!

And also from *Seattle*: The long-in-the-can second LP from the mighty **Fastbacks** is going to be released after all (and just when we all thought that the **Fastbacks** were history), and there'll be a live album coming out in *Europe* (only) sometime soon.

And now, this month's demos:

Mary - "101 Knights" According to the band, this tape (entitled "AMGOD") "marks the end of Mary's first phase." I'm assuming this means they're not giving *CITR* any more demos - now they're working on re-recording songs to, ultimately, be pressed. And appropriately (according to a dear friend of mine, who says Mary's like a cross between **NoMeansNo** and **Stiff Little Fingers**), they're being produced by **John Wright** of **NoMeansNo**. As for this (their fifth) cassette, well, I don't like it as much as the very first one they



sent us. Or was I just put off by their reminder, in their cover letter, that Mary is the mother of God? But, leaving out my personal reaction to the religious name-dropping, there's no doubt that Mary's found their niche in the scene, playing songs almost as loud and hard as they can get without losing all traces of melody.

Migraine Blur - "Thrupp bippo Thrupp" I wonder if the band members realise how close their name comes to describing their sound (or the

still tell these guys how to record onto both channels of their ghetto blaster.

Mystery Train - "My Heart Bust Thru" A new local band, inspired by current mainstream (and non-Afro-American) blues types, which I suppose isn't a bad way to go if you want to get signed these days. Is the singer really trying to sound like **Art Bergmann**? Or maybe they aren't too unlike the **Tragically Hip**. No doubt these fellows have big plans, since they do have that sound, complete with subtle layers of pianos and female backup vocals, but it's not really the stuff *CITR* demo hits are made of.

Intoxicators - "Mighty Idy"

After struggling through some strange New Age-type thing on the side of the tape that was labelled *Intoxicators*, it was a relief to flip the cassette over and hear "Mighty Idy," which really can only be described as a song in the classic rock and roll tradition (not to be confused with "classic

rock"). This isn't an overly expensive or fancy recording, and, unlike the time I saw them open for **TT Racer** at *Club Soda* a while ago, the vocals go just the way they should with the band and the music. This song's the best I've heard from the *Intoxicators* so far.

Show Business Giants - "Death of a Dayglo" I won't touch the subject matter here (for one thing, it's not too easy to make out all the words in this particular song). Just suffice it to say that this twelve song cassette release is something like a busking tape (they do say it was recorded "in a doorway") full of nasty gossip, name-dropping, and jokes from *Victoria*, with a singer just a little bit like **John Lydon**. They're produced by former *Shovhild* guitarist **Scott Henderson**, who must've had a good time with this strange juxtaposition of sweet harmonies and bizarre lyrics.



Kin of the *Pathetics* making local history

Laurie Anderson
Queen Elizabeth Theatre
Wednesday, February 21st

Laurie Anderson. High Priestess of the avant-garde? Political soothsayer of a neo-reality? Archetypal supplicant of techno-truth? Answer "yes" to all of the above.

Anderson's recent appearance in Vancouver at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre, her first in five years, was an excursion into the heart and mind of America's favourite poet, complete with all the bells and whistles you could ask for. The stage set-up was rich and complex with a 35mm size screen that mixed slides, video, and animation to full effect. Beneath this were three smaller horizontal screens for video and at both sides of the stage three more screens set vertically. Assisted by vocoder, harmonizers, digital delays, distortion units, and a bevy of hyper-competent technicians, Anderson was equipped with enough technology and expertise to launch a low orbit satellite uplink.

But enough salivating, the performance is the thing. Within sixty seconds of appearing on the stage she launched into an anecdote comparing Hitler and Mussolini with Ronald Reagan and was thus off and running. The first part of the show was rather sporadic with the audience having to warm to Anderson's singing, keyboard work, and violin playing. The monologues and visuals were kept at a minimum as if Anderson wanted to be accepted for her songs alone. (All of the songs were from her new album with nary a greatest hit to be heard all night.)

After a brief intermission, Anderson seemed to stretch out as the information became more visual. Imagery is the key to what Laurie Anderson is all about. The juxtaposition of image and narrative is where the imagination of the audience can have sum reel fun.



The head-stretches came hot and heavy - John Lilly, Robert Maplesorpe, Hendrix, Kennedy, Elvis, all were examined in that particular style we have become so familiar with. (Following the show I found myself dropping the last syllable of every sentence I spoke.) Sharing found graffiti, cartoon culture, and other myths of popular culture, Anderson spun a web of perceptions that deeply effected this reviewer. Anderson's attempts at consciousness raising took many forms. The most moving to me was her attempt to inject her humour into the pathos surrounding the plight of working women in our society.

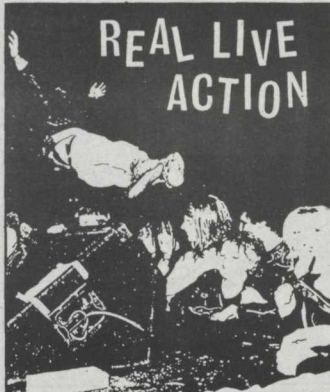
The show itself was dedicated to Abby Hoffman: "the man who dared to shout 'theatre' at a crowded fire." In closing, if you see people barking like dogs at local bus stops, shake their paw for they have been to see the Lady of our Deliverance. Great show, great night.

legh r wolf

The Primitives
The Sugarcubes
Commodore
Friday, February 23rd

Being forced to leave your untouched beer in one bar so you can rush to another because the opening act chooses to mount the stage at the insanely early 9:20 in the evening is no way to start a Friday night out.

So, sweaty and out of breath, I tried to enjoy The Primitives. Unfortunately, as I sit here typing all I can remember, is my ridiculously tall roommate grinning at me as he took in the band while I stared at the back of the unfortunate soul in front of me, wishing he'd explode. "Time heals all wounds" I cheerfully told myself, and "wounds all heal" the dark uply side of myself whispered. Keeping these two thoughts foremost in my mindbrain, I grinned and watched Britain's foremost proponents of retro-power-



pop crank out an entirely average show. Which is more than most attendees can claim, as the majority of them didn't arrive until The Prims had slipped off the stage.

By the time everyone's favorite Slavic pop screwballs, The Sugarcubes, bounced onto the stage, my attitude had improved considerably (thoughts of time mixed with over-priced alcohol can do that, funnily enough). The Sugarcubes were marvelously geometric in their approach to the crowd. The singer says, "Do you speak French or English here? Or are you all American?" (I understand bar fights are quite common in Iceland. You can see why with this sort of pillow talk). Music-wise they did what they were supposed to, aided by the finest light show ever seen at The Commodore (until the following Monday when The They played). Heck, if I could enjoy myself anyone could!

Pat Carroll

The Commodore
Thursday, February 26th

The They recently made their first ever appearance in

ence except for a half-uttered "thank you" after the first encore. Perhaps he is too intense an individual to be a man of many words.

We were entertained with a good mixture from all three albums. Their best was saved for last as the second encore provided us with a ripping version of "Giant" from their "Soul Mining" album, with particularly good work on keyboards. The show's length of ninety minutes was a bit disappointing, considering they have enough material for at least another half-hour. Since they were the only act scheduled for the night, it should have been a longer gig.

With their first tour on the road and three solid albums behind them (four if you count Matt Johnson's solo efforts), The They is a band to

until he finally plugged into another amp. Now that's rock 'n' roll! I also love the band where each band member raises his arm in order to indicate that he is ready to begin the riff/song. Good clean all American fun.

Elizabeth Fisher was a little out of place following a loud rawk outfit such as Supersound. Her solo performance was an interesting mix of Elizabeth's at once languorous and tension-filled vocals (familiar to those who have heard her former group, Animal Slaves), ethnic folk elements and modern technology, but it suffered from the inappropriate venue. Her style of performance would be better served by a smaller, more intimate room.

Up next was the new and improved Numb. The Numbsters now have a more guitar-



be reckoned with in the 1990s.
Claude de Leseleuc

Superconducter
Elizabeth Fisher
Numb
Town Pump
Wednesday, March 7th

When was the last time you saw a band blow an amp? Part way through Superconducter's set, the amp of one of the five guitarists appeared to be smoking. It was difficult to be positive it was the amp given the profuse activity of the smoke machine, but sure enough it was - there was that oh so distinctive fried electrical circuit odour wafting through the air. The guitar player seemed to sense something was wrong but continued to play (given the racket of five axes, how do you tell when yours isn't working?)

oriented industrial sound than previously - more Ministry than Skinny Puppy, if you like. Their set was immensely better than the last time I saw them when they opened up for the Butthole Surfers at U.B.C. Much of the credit for this progress has to go to replacement agitator/frontman/vocalist Blair Dobson. Although obviously nervous at first, he quickly took charge of the show, balancing somewhat heavy-handed song intros with some hilarious repartee with hecklers. Imagine, an "industrial" band with not only a heart and soul, but also a sense of humour. A star is born. The highlights of the set were the songs which featured two guitars and two percussionists - as we say in the biz, they cooked.

Mr. Ed

Supersound - one of them things is not like the other photo by Leonard Whistler

Nine Inch Nails
Pretty Hate Machine
(TVT)

Batz Without Flesh
A Million Bricks
(NTS)

The introduction of cheaper technology into the marketplace has had a two-fold effect: you don't need excessive financial backing nor need possess the marketability of, say, a band like Depeche Mode in order to create music that relies heavily on ground they've covered. More bands are creating, which is good, especially if you are a fan of the "industrial dance" genre. But as with punk and rap, before it, the number of outstanding acts in the sea of mediocrity is minimal.

From Cleveland emerges Trent Reznor, a.k.a. Nine Inch Nails, whose debut release "Pretty Hate Machine" has garnered a lot of publicity in the U.S. Whether it warrants this coverage is another issue. "Pretty Hate Machine" is nowhere near as mean as the press clippings would have you believe. Junior high school lyrics ("Just when everything was making sense / You took away all my self-confidence / Now all that I've been hearing must be true / I guess I'm not the only boy for you / But that's what I get") sung with Platinum Blonde vocals and pre-Mute Nitzer Ebb rhythms make this a truly forgettable release. Flood, John Fryer, Adrian Sherwood, and Keith LeBlanc have all invited to lend their skills on production, but it all seems pointless, really. There are a couple of good songs though: "Terrible Lie" and "Sin." A decent album only if you're making the transition from Paula Abdul to Ministry.

If grind-it-out aerobics along the lines of Numb, Click Click, and newer Controlled Bleeding is what you're after, dig around for the Delaware trio, Batz Without Flesh. Their label obviously couldn't afford Nine Inch Nails' production expenses, yet their LP, "A Million Bricks" has done more to promote the true essence of American industrial dance music than their Cleveland counterpart and their British cronies. Gloomy, mechanistic, and much more unsettling than Trent Reznor could ever wish to be. The album is available through NTS Productions, 742 Paper Mill Road,

Newark, DE, 19711.
Lloyd Ullana

Vancouver New Music
West Light
(Centrediscs)

Vancouver New Music is one of the most active new music organizations in Canada. Given its innovative programming, guest artists, and a competition for young composers, the next logical step was to go into the recording studio.

The result is "West Light," a 53-minute digital recording of music by Rudolf Komorous, Owen Underhill, and Rodney Sharman - three composers who have lived and worked in this province for a substantial portion of their lives. The first two pieces are "Rossi" and "Twenty-three Poems About Horses," by composer and pedagogue Rudolf Komorous. Both pieces are quite fragmented, oscillating cinematically between a variety of styles. "Rossi," in particular, moves quickly through different, often sharply contrasting styles, such as boogie woogie and waltz, as well as having an extended snare drum solo and references to the music of Michelangelo and Violino Rossi.

"Escalator," by Vancouver New Music artistic director Owen Underhill, is similar in some ways to the Komorous compositions, but with a more developed harmonic language and keener sense of orchestration. Specifically, the use of the triangle at the beginning of the piece and the careful exploitation of drums in the more aggressive sections display Underhill's thoughtful use of colour.

The most successful piece on "West Light" is "Erstarrung," by Rodney Sharman. Despite its surface simplicity, "Erstarrung" is a demanding piece requiring a sensitive performance. Underhill and the Vancouver New Music Ensemble conclude "West Light" with an excellent performance, unveiling the subtlety and beauty of this work. Hopefully this is the first of many recordings to be put together by Vancouver New Music, exhibiting the work of composers and performers in British Columbia. (Available for \$20 from: Vancouver New Music, 108-206 E. 6th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., V5T 1J8.)

Paul Steenhuisen



Godfathers
Out On The Floor EP
Live In Texas EP
(Epic/UK)

These two releases seem to have been released for the late Vic Maile, who produced the Godfathers' last two LPs. The 12-inch "Out on the Floor" EP contains remixes of previously released Godfathers' tracks, "I'm Lost and Then I'm Found," "Birth School Work and Death" and two remixes of "She Gives Love" by Keith LeBlanc.

It's funny that these songs would be remixed for the dance floor, although "Birth School Work and Death," with its strong chant chorus, seems to always get any audience going at a Godfathers gig.

The "Live in Texas" EP is the Godfathers in their element, blasting out four songs in Austin. The sound is a little muddy but Peter Couré's vocals cut through the murk. The band's rendition of "Blitzkrieg Bop" is faithful to the last note; Johnny Ramone would be proud of Kris Dollimore's chainsaw power chording. The strong steady beat of drummer George Mazur keeps the group anchored, preventing them from flying off in different directions. The EP keeps the blood pumping deep in the heart of Texas.

Greg Garlick

Pandoras
Live Nymphomania
(Restless Records)

When I got the cassette of this new Pandoras offering, I expected the tape to ooze out of the case. It more than lives up to its title with an abundance

of references to you know what.

The Pandoras have really changed since doing their 60s band schtick. The music is a lot heavier now. The Glam Metal of L.A. has obviously rubbed off on them. Lead Pandora Paula Peirce has gotten rid of her Vox Starstreamer in favour of a Gibson Les Paul, the traditional metal axe.

The songs here are not for the faint of heart or the morally upright.

I imagine when Penelope Spheris makes her "Decline of Western Civilization Pt. III," the Pandoras will no doubt be in it.

Greg Garlick

Peter Murphy
Deep
(Polygram)

This is a highly stylized, ambitious effort from the former lead singer of Bauhaus. Murphy has recruited a very tight band of studio musicians he names "The Hundred Men" who play textbook modern rock intermingled with more sombre jazz elements.

Upon first listening to the album, it sounds over-stylized and pretentious. The album's egocentric cover and title add to this impression. In spite of these problems, the excellence of Murphy's songwriting comes to the fore.

The album displays hard emotion dressed in poetic introspective lyrics. Cutting rhythms are overlaid with sombre violin, guitar and piano to create a tense backdrop for Murphy's deep, melodic vocals.

The single, "Cuts You

Up," is a fine example of his songwriting ability and is far better than anything Murphy ever did with Bauhaus. Unfortunately, such triumphs are offset by truly pretentious drivel such as "Marlene Dietrich's Favorite Poem" which always caused "hot tears to flow" down his mother's cheek.

The album is worthwhile for the strength and originality of Murphy's often brilliant musical expression.

Gene Derrett

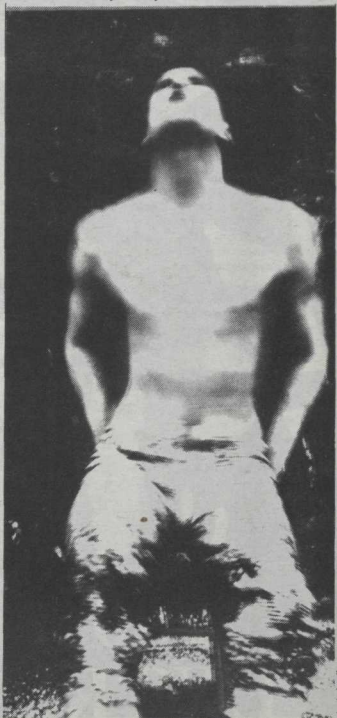
Galaxie 500
On Fire
(Rough Trade)

Like, "The Rocket" review was lame as sin, so here goes. By now I guess Galaxie 500 have as good as outlived their flavour-of-the-month status, but this album'll be seeing the light of my turntable for a long time. Not to mention the dark twisted caverns of my Walkman. Yes, this is music ideal for a long walk on a clear, icy Sunday

morning ("Blue Thunder"), or on the other hand, an inimitable wait for the bus at night in the throes of a raging blizzard ("Snowstorm"). Or for reading to Lynda Barry ("Plastic Bird"), or for waking up in the morning in a magnanimous, grooving frame of mind ("Another Day"), or just for irritating your roommates with 10000-decibel whining repetitive vocals (a cover of the previously illimitable "Isn't It A Pity").

Some listeners hear the Velvet Underground, others Neil Young. I definitely catch Pink Floyd influences. Others are bound to make "an American Smiths" conclusion or some such rot. Whatever. These aspects merge with an incisive, witty perspective on society and flashes of sheer musical brilliance - check out the horns on "Decomposing Trees" - to create a whole that's head and shoulders above the sum of its parts.

Viola Funk





FEAR OF A
BLACK T
SHIRT

\$15

100% COTTON
EXTRA LARGE



Seems as though people've been missing the point of this here column, which is, for those used solely to the James Barber interpretation thereof, FOOD. Damn! So, to make it obvious this month, I will share the God recipe for

CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES from The Kids' Cookbook
2 c flour
1 tsp soda
1/2 tsp salt
3/4 c margarine (take out of fridge in advance)
1/4 c white sugar
1 c brown sugar
1 egg
1 1/2 tsp vanilla
6 oz chocolate chips
1/2 c nuts, chopped (optional)

Mix margarine till creamy; slowly add sugars, keep mixing till light & fluffy. Add egg and vanilla, mix well. Sift dry ingredients in separate bowl and add them to margarine mixture. Stir in chocolate chips, and nuts if desired. Drop by teaspoon onto

ungreased baking sheets; bake at 375 degrees F for 10-12 minutes. Makes about 3 1/2 dozen.

If ya want them to live up to the billing I've given them
-don't leave out the salt
-don't neglect to sift the dry ingredients

For aesthetically-pleasing cookies, you can roll them into little balls by hand rather than using the teaspoon method.

Puttyer oven rack one rung lower than what you do to make grilled cheese sandwiches - any lower than that, and you'll get burnage on the cookie bottoms. Double the recipe and you'll have enough to feed an army (or yourself and two voracious roommates).

You can send your favourite recipes to: Hell's Kitchen c/o Disorder, 6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, B.C. V6T 2A5.

Blotter #10

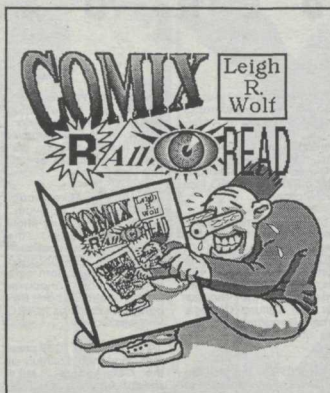
Published by Roy Tompkins
Box 16022, Austin Texas
USA 78761

The current crop of corrupting influences ranges from the sick to the sublime. In one case of both, Blotter, sick and sublime are the only words worthy of such cultural dementia. From the city of Austin, Texas USA (remember Texas?) comes this mail-order surprise of many dimensions. Shocking? We're talking eyeball intercourse here, roofing nail enemies from cannibal comix with their third eye focused on the immediate past and future present. Funny? When you stop screaming, the only noise you can hear is the sound of your eyeballs rattling 'round your head.

In what is best described as a cry for help from a twisted

love this book.

Some of the images are of the booger burger (side of turd) variety, while other items, such as Ted Bundy's vampire teeth shown next to photos of his victims, are simply disturbing. Home boys and party zombies share these pages with an anarchistic equanimity. Blotter sez: Gilligan's Corndog Factory is cranking out toxic sludge in an effort to satiate the consumption demands of the marketplace. Blotter sez: Sacred Cows belong on the altar but not in the marketplace of ideas. (Anarchism as a practical political ideology will be granted its place in an information economy when controlling the flow of information is finally impossible and global dissemination inevitable.) The theory follows that on our way to that distant day, we can fill



the irregular nature of reality. The headlines come in visions of natty necrophiles and murdered dreamers converging in a banquet of decay, where the penis is the gun and the cross no longer a symbol of spirit meeting matter but rather simply an icon of crucifixion.

The full effect of taking in Blotter is unlikely to seize you without personal knowledge of lick and suck. In a sex world gone mad, where everyone wants to fuck but no one is doing much about it, the terms of reference here become shaded in mutated greys. There are no narrow escapes in these pages. This is an America with a fundamentally racist flaw in its character. An America where the hypodermic needle has become the ultimate weapon and the extension power "tool" the ultimate desire.

Some of the images are prophetic (Dick Tracy with bat wings wearing a ball and chain) while other images leap out and throttle the sensibilities (Edgar "Bolt" Upright's Paisley Iconography). But Blotter doesn't want to sell you anything or convert you, or even wake you up. It assumes, per-

haps correctly, that you are so awake your eyelids are peeled back across your forehead and stapled to your ears. In this cosmology we are all just voyeurs watching the crash and crumble of the far-right Christian cults. The Hanged Man is a victim of his own bondage and the only job available is that of urine sample inspector. In these pages Gilligan's Island is seen as survivalist fantasy, the Brady Bunch just a lip-smacking fantasy for the average cannibal, corporate profits cause cancer and Nancy and Ron are festering sores on the collective patootie.

The artwork here is young and mostly inspired by the pro's of the previous gen-

eration. Influences such as Kim Deitch, Basil Wolverton, Charles Burns, S. Clay Wilson, and Jay Kinney linger throughout the book, creating an aura of fine tuning the apprenticeship. Notable standouts among the artists

Dennis Worden of small press notoriety is also howling as are Bob X, David, and S. Stevens (creator of Morty The Dog).

The just harvest of this madness are horns growing up from the souls of our feet to



are Mary Fleener and Penny Moran, who are both rising talents of the graphix scene.

the base of our spines to the tips of our heads. In an era of Far Right Actually Inventing

Diseases Sucker (FRAIDS), is it better to be blissfully ignorant or painfully aware? Whatever your poison, Blotter is from the surrealistic edge of a world writhing in its own excrement; or as Buddha Pop-n says: "fuck off before I blast liquid golfballs thru yer soap dish dog-head." Blotter #10 is available by mail order only. I highly recommend it.

APRIL 1990 25



"MR. ZOMBIE-HEAD SPEAKS"

editor going by the name of Roy Tompkins, Blotter is a car crash posing as a comix book anthology. Wreckage? More than your grandparents could have ever produced or conceived of in a lifetime of dedicated technological docence. Some forty-two contributors offer unsuspecting readers a veritable feast of bad tasting gooze that creeps off the page and into the mind. I

the information void with as much dissension and dissonance as the system cannot handle.

Not that the "badkids" who conceived and produced Blotter have ever verbalised such nonsense, but odds are they'd agree. We're all prisoners in Corndog Land and the first best leaving for Deva's eyeland will be piloted by those who are hype to



D I S C O R D E R D A T E B O O K

1 SUNDAY *The Squirrels and the Smugglers* at the Town Pump... *Overkill, Whiplash, and Excel* at the Commodore Ballroom (all ages)... *Random Numbers at the Railway... Masterpiece Chamber Music* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Urban Geography*, video installation by Anne Ramsden, continues at the UBC Fine Arts Gallery... *Hiroshi Sugimoto's* exhibition closes at Presentation House...

2 MONDAY *Son of Man* at Club Soda... *Capercaillie* at the Wise Hall... *Norton Buffalo* at the Yale... *Jimmy* at the Railway... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery... *Carousel Theatre's Reading the Signs* opens at the Robson Square Conference Centre Theatre... the second race relations *Power Play* by Headlines Theatre Co. opens at Kitsilano High School...

3 TUESDAY CITR presents *Bughead and Jokola* at the Town Pump... *Shovelled, the Defenators and the Bombshells* at Club Soda... *Norton Buffalo* at the Yale... *The Rootabeggers* at the Railway... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery... *Reading the Signs* continues at the Robson Square Conference Centre Theatre... the second race relations *Power Play* by Headlines Theatre Co. continues at Kitsilano High School... *Pink Ink's* production of *Caryl Churchill's* play *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre...

4 WEDNESDAY *Tony Williams Quartet* at 86 Street... *Norton Buffalo* at the Yale... *The Demons with Jack Lavin* at Hogan's Alley... *The Rootabeggers* at the Railway... *Hot Wednesday* DJ'd by CITR in the Pit Pub... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery... *Reading the Signs* continues at the Robson Square

Conference Centre Theatre... the second race relations *Power Play* by Headlines Theatre Co. continues at Kitsilano High School... *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre...

5 THURSDAY *Pee Wee Manon and Innocent Fun* at the Commodore... *A Murder of Crows, Wages of Sin and Freewater Knock-out* at 86 Street... *Ranch Romance* from Seattle at the Railway... *The Demons with Jack Lavin* at Hogan's Alley... *Capilano College Commercial Music Program* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Cool Thursdays* DJ'd by CITR in the Pit Pub... *Englebert Humperdinck* at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre... *The Owl and the Pussycat* by Bill Manhoff opens at Presentation House... *Reading the Signs* continues at the Robson Square Conference Centre Theatre... the second race relations *Power Play* by Headlines Theatre Co. continues at Kitsilano High School... *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

6 FRIDAY *Ranch Romance* at the Railway... *54-40* at 86 Street... *The Demons with Jack Lavin* at Hogan's Alley... *Rocky Horror Picture Show* at the Lux (midnight)... *The Owl and the Pussycat* continues at Presentation House... *Reading the Signs* continues at the Robson Square Conference Centre Theatre... the second race relations *Power Play* by Headlines Theatre Co. closes at Kitsilano High School... *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

7 SATURDAY *Ranch Romance* at the Railway... *The Demons with Jack Lavin* at Hogan's Alley... *The Owl and the Pussycat* continues at Presentation House... *Reading the Signs* continues at the Robson Square Conference Centre Theatre... the second race relations *Power Play* by Headlines Theatre Co. closes at Kitsilano High School... *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

8 SUNDAY *Random Numbers* at the Railway... *Harper Brothers Band* at the Arts Club Revue Theatre... *The Purcell String Quartet* with the Vancouver New Music Ensemble at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

9 MONDAY *Roy's* at the Railway... *Rory McLeod* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

10 TUESDAY *Numb, Marshmallow Overcoat and Babes in Toyland* at Club Soda... *Feathered Pens* with Cathy Miller at the Railway... *Steve Lacy Sextet* at the Tom Lee Music Hall... *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

11 WEDNESDAY *Wages of Sin* at the Railway... *Steve Lacy Sextet* at the Tom Lee Music Hall... *Claude Ronger and Jade* at the Grunt Gallery... *The Muddy Fraser Band* and *Hogan's Alley... Diana Ross* at the Pacific Coliseum... *Wednesday* DJ'd by CITR in the Pit Pub... *The Owl and the Pussycat* continues at Presentation House... *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

12 THURSDAY CITR presents *The Cramps* at the Commodore... *Mike Jacobs Band* at the Railway... *Art Bergmann* at the Town Pump... *The Muddy Fraser Band* and *Hogan's Alley... Cool Thursdays* DJ'd by CITR in the Pit Pub... *The Owl and the Pussycat* continues at Presentation House... *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

13 FRIDAY *Mike Jacobs Band* at the Railway... *Rocky Horror Picture Show* at the Lux (midnight)... *The Owl and the Pussycat* continues at Presentation House... *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

14 SATURDAY CITR presents *Marianne Faithfull* at the Commodore... *Mike Jacobs Band* at the Railway... *The Boys Choir of Harlem* at the Orpheum... *The Hopping Penguins* at the Town Pump... *The Owl and the Pussycat* continues at Presentation House... *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

15 SUNDAY *Random Numbers* at the Railway... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

16 MONDAY *5 Star Hillbilly* at the Railway...

17 TUESDAY *Nice Strong Arm, All and Big Drill Car* at Club Soda... *Women's Jam Session* at the Railway... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery... *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre...

18 WEDNESDAY *Marlin Fields and the Academy* at the Railway... *Amanda Hughes* at Hogan's Alley... *Bababoya String Quartet* at the Grunt Gallery... *Hot Wednesday* DJ'd by CITR in the Pit Pub... *The Owl and the Pussycat* continues at Presentation House... *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre...

19 THURSDAY *Herald Nix* at the Railway... *Amanda Hughes* at Hogan's Alley... *That Light and Dark* that did not Clash at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *The Owl and the Pussycat* continues at Presentation House... *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

20 FRIDAY *Herald Nix* at the Railway... *Amanda Hughes* at Hogan's Alley... *That Light and Dark* that did not Clash at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *The Owl and the Pussycat* closes at Presentation House... *Vinegar Tom* closes at the Vancouver Little Theatre... *Urban Geography* closes at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

21 SATURDAY *Herald Nix* at the Railway... *Amanda Hughes* at Hogan's Alley... *That Light and Dark* that did not Clash at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *The Owl and the Pussycat* closes at Presentation House... *Vinegar Tom* closes at the Vancouver Little Theatre... *Urban Geography* closes at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

22 SUNDAY *No Fun* at the Railway... *Egberto Giamonti Band* and *Hermelo Pascual* Group from Brazil at the Commodore...

23 MONDAY CITR presents *Tamachung Theatre* benefit *The Underwater Ball at Graceland... Boys* at the Railway...

24 TUESDAY *Young Fresh Fellows* at the Town Pump... *Helios Creed* at Club Soda... *The Groovachols* at the Railway... *Toumani*

Urban Geography continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

25 WEDNESDAY *The Groovachols* at the Railway... *Brian Harding Trio* at the Grunt Gallery... *Jayson Hoover* at Hogan's Alley... *Hot Wednesday* DJ'd by CITR in the Pit Pub... *That Light and Dark* that did not Clash at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *The Owl and the Pussycat* continues at Presentation House... *Vinegar Tom* continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre... *Urban Geography* continues at UBC Fine Arts Gallery...

26 THURSDAY *Jayson Hoover* at Hogan's Alley... *Les Goodman "After Dark"* at the Railway... *Music from the Pacific Horizon* with Jin He Kim, Gul Li-Rong, Teresa Ohnishi, Kennel Wells and Salwant Singh at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Cool Thursdays* DJ'd by CITR in the Pit Pub... *Leonard and David Walmouth* give a reading at the Community Arts Council (8pm, \$35)...

27 FRIDAY *The Odds* at the Railway... *Jayson Hoover* at Hogan's Alley... *Music from the Pacific Horizon* with Jin He Kim, Gul Li-Rong, Teresa Ohnishi, Kennel Wells and Salwant Singh at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Rocky Horror Picture Show* at the Lux (midnight)...

28 SATURDAY *The Odds* at the Railway... *Music from the Pacific Horizon* with Menaka Thakkar and Ravi C. Sahyam at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Jayson Hoover* at Hogan's Alley...

29 SUNDAY *No Fun* at the Railway...

30 MONDAY *Monsters of Gangland* at the Railway...

1 TUESDAY *Marla Sebestyen* and *Muziks* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Volcano Sun* at Club Soda...

2 WEDNESDAY *Hot Wednesday* DJ'd by CITR in the Pit Pub...

3 THURSDAY *The Mission and The Wonderstuff* at the Commodore...

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3 THURSDAY *The Mission and The Wonderstuff* at the Commodore...

PLACES PLACES PLACES PLACES PLACES PLACES

ARTS CLUB REVUE STAGE Granville Island
CENTENNIAL THEATRE 23rd and Lonsdale, North Vancouver 681-8949
CLUB SODA 1055 Homer Street 681-8202
COMMODORE BALLROOM 760 Granville Street 681-7838
COMMUNITY ARTS COUNCIL 837 Davie Street 683-4358
DOROTHY SOMERSET THE-ATRE behind the Freddy Wood Theatre, UBC 228-2678
86 STREET MUSIC HALL former Expo Site 683-8587
FIREHALL ARTS CENTRE 280 East Cordova Street 689-0926
FREDERIC WOOD THEATRE 6454 Crescent Road 228-2678
GRUNT GALLERY 209 East 6th Avenue 875-9516
HOGAN'S ALLEY 730 Main Street 681-8326
LA QUIENA CONFERENCEHOUSE 1111 Commercial Drive
PACIFIC CINEMATHEQUE 1131 Howe Street 688-3455
26 DISORDER

PIT PUB Basement of SUB, UBC 228-6511
PJT INTERNATIONAL GALLERIES 36 Powell Street 734-8001
RJ CHRISTIES 315 East Broadway 876-6777
RAILWAY CLUB 579 Dunsmuir Street 681-1625
RECITAL HALL School of Music, 6361 Memorial Road 228-3113
RIDGE THEATRE 3131 Arbutus Street 738-6311
STATION STREET ARTS CENTRE 930 Station Street 688-3312
STUDIO 58 Main Building, Langara Campus 324-5227
SUB THEATRE Student Union Building, UBC
TOM LEE MUSIC HALL 929 Granville Street
TOWN PUMP 66 Water Street 683-6695
VANCOUVER EAST CINEMA 2290 Commercial Drive 253-5455
VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE 1895 Venables Street 254-9578

VANCOUVER LITTLE THEATRE 3102 Main Street 876-4165
WAR MEMORIAL GYM University Blvd & Westbrook Mall, UBC
WISE HALL 1882 Adanac Street (right behind the Culich) 734-3022
WOMEN IN FOCUS STUDIO 849 Beatty Street 875-6624
YALE HOTEL 1300 Granville at Drake 681-9253

The listings that appear here do not cost a stinking dime. Listings are printed based on available space and are as accurate as can be, given the typlst's four-eyed myopia. If you would like your listings included here, just submit any and all details to Disorder Datebook, c/o Disorder Magazine, 6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC V6T 2A5. And you can have your listings read out on CITR 101.9 FM by sending to the same place. Thank you.

HOW TO WIN THE NICARAGUAN ELECTION...



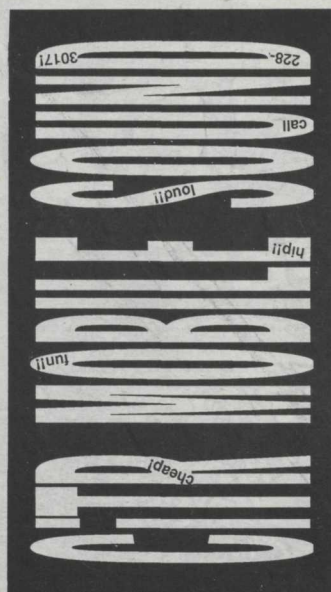
book or record - can't decide?



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albion books

523 Richards St. • Vancouver • 662-3113
for quality used books and records



28 DISORDER

DANCING ON THE

AFTER PASSING THE WINTER MONTHS IN THIS MANNER, I REALIZED THAT I COULD NOT GO ON. I NEEDED A REBIRTH OF WONDER.



I BEGAN DOING SMALL EXPERIMENTS IN CROWDED MARKET PLACES AND DEPARTMENT STORES. IN THESE EXPERIMENTS I WOULD TEST THE BOUNDS OF PUBLIC ACCEPTABILITY TO MY ACTIONS.



I WOULD SPECIFICALLY OVERLOOK THE INVISIBLE RULES AND REGULATIONS OF SOCIETY. THE RESULTS INDICATED THAT THE SLIGHTEST ABERRATION FROM THE NORMAL CODE OF BEHAVIOR WOULD QUICKLY EARN ONE PUZZLED LOOKS, PITY AND SCORN.



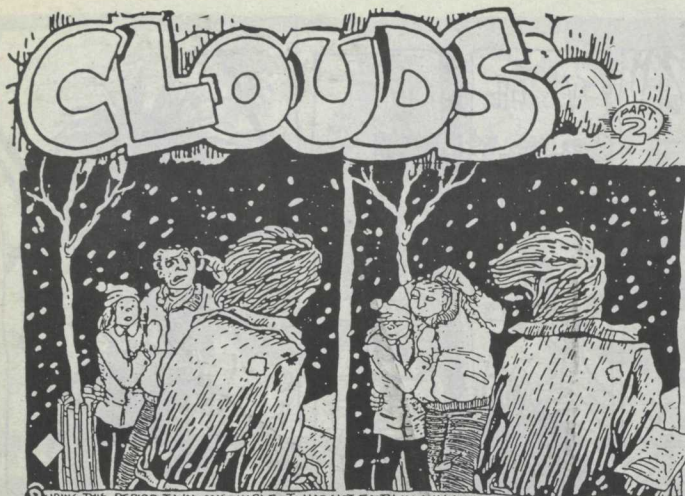
I SHALL NOT DESCRIBE THE COMPONENTS OF MY TESTS FOR THEY ARE UNIMPORTANT AND I AM IN A HURRY. IT IS ENOUGH TO SAY THAT AS I PASSED THROUGH THEM, MY WILL BECAME UNNATURALLY STRENGTHENED TO THE OPINIONS OF THOSE AROUND ME BECAME CONCRETE. FANATICAL!

IT BECAME APPARENT THAT ALL MOST PEOPLE TRIED TO DO WAS CONVINCE OTHERS OF THEIR BELIEFS.



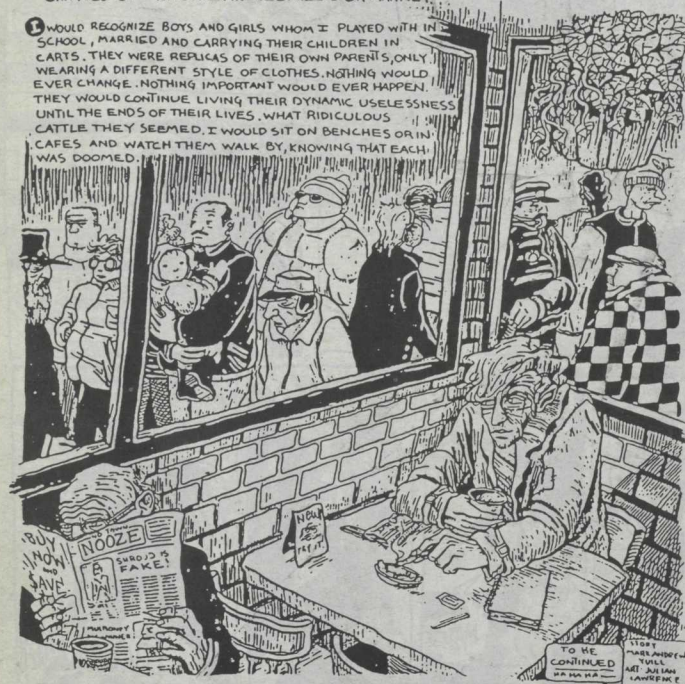
THEY RE-ESTABLISHED THEIR OPINIONS CONSTANTLY, THROUGH SOCIAL CONTACT, TO QUELL THE FEELINGS OF DESPAIR AND HOPELESSNESS WHICH COME NATURALLY TO THE WEAK AND INSECURE. AND HERE WAS I, AN ISLAND, A BASTION OF GRANITE, DEFYING THE EBB AND TIDE OF THE EVER-SWIRLING OCEANS OF HUMANITY.





③ DURING THIS PERIOD I WAS MISEABLE. I HAD NOT FAITH IN ANYTHING OR ANYONE. MY FRIENDS OF OLD NOW CONSIDERED ME MAD. THEY WOULD CAST THEIR EYES AWAY WHEN WE CHANCED BY EACH OTHER IN THE STREETS OR MARKET.

① I WOULD RECOGNIZE BOYS AND GIRLS WHOM I PLAYED WITH IN SCHOOL, MARRIED AND CARRYING THEIR CHILDREN IN CARTS. THEY WERE REPLICAS OF THEIR OWN PARENTS, ONLY WEARING A DIFFERENT STYLE OF CLOTHES. NOTHING WOULD EVER CHANGE. NOTHING IMPORTANT WOULD EVER HAPPEN. THEY WOULD CONTINUE LIVING THEIR DYNAMIC USELESSNESS UNTIL THE ENDS OF THEIR LIVES. WHAT RIDICULOUS CATTLE THEY SEEMED. I WOULD SIT ON BENCHES OR IN CAFES AND WATCH THEM WALK BY, KNOWING THAT EACH WAS DOOMED.



100% COTTON T • SHIRTS



- We print with Polyfab **water based** textile dyes
- No toxic chemicals or solvents
- Soft Touch, never cracks
- Beautiful, rich colours

Mon-Fri 9:30 - 5:00 Sat 11:00 - 3:00

clothworks 669-0127
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132 Powell Street, Vancouver

SMASH

GALLERY
OF
MODERN ART

March 30 - April 13
"ISM - ISM"

Group Show featuring
Vancouver's best artists

MAY 5 - JUNE 1:
Katarina Thorsen
160 CORDOVA STREET WEST

BOAZIM 1990

SHAPIN' UP AT LAST! BOAZIM ORDER TO FIGHT IT ON
MILITARY, RALLY FREE IN THIS ONE!
BOAZIM RASHNESS

JUNK FLESH
PART 2

EVERYBODY
BROKE

TV ... LH ...

FRITOS

CRUNCH

I SHOULD HAVE
ENOUGH ...

TV ... LH ... TV

1.79 SHOULD
COVER IT...

TV... LH...

COOL ... ME BEE CATCH
AF LICK ANNA TUBE

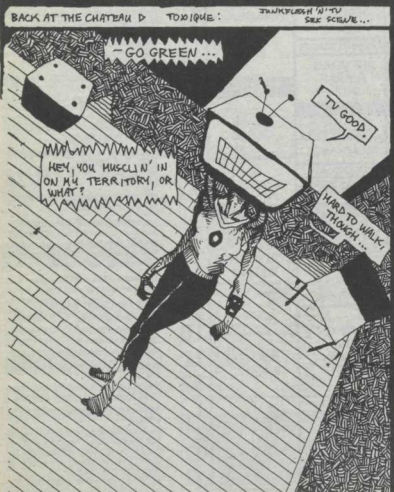
LH-
VIE...

MATE...

HEY!

HEY, FATSO, YOU DROPPED
MY BAG...

POST YOUR
ALL WATER
W/ WASH
SCA
QUALITY
W/ BROAD
DARK LIGHT



BOBAM 1990

"GRAPHIC VIOLENCE & APPETITE GORE HORRORS PAGE"

A JUNKY LESH SHOCK (CATS OF A SERIES)

BY: BRUCE ROSS (MUSIC)

"THE END" BOPE STAMPS, FET GAY MUCK, GOODIES OUT OF CORNELIUS HANDS, SHE HAD, SHE HAD WELT, IT HED, SHANKLESH MATE WITH TV AND 100 HAS TV HEAD AND TOO MANY CHANNELS.

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC BAN-NOON

The newest new music: Ulfert, Drummond, Schmitts, Lufkowsky, Brette, etc. Information on concerts, record releases, composers. Hosted by Luciano Berto and Giorgio Sisti (maybe).

THE MORNING SHOW 12:15-1:15 PM
News, sports, weather and more with the CTR News, Sports and Weather Departments.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00 PM
Reggae, Rock Steady and Sax with George Bonini.

BLUES AND SOUL SHOW 3:00-6:00 PM
Lachlan Murray provides the best of blues, rhythm and blues, funk and soul.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 5:30-6:30 PM
CTR's in-depth current affairs/news magazine show. Coverage and analysis of the day's news and sports with editorial commentary, entertainment review and reports on events here at UBC, all in a comprehensive and comprehensible magazine package. And we promise, no traffic reports!

HEARST 5:30-6:00 PM
The best in literature...ON RADIO! Hear what our contributing authors have to say. Poetry, radio plays, creative non-fiction, short stories; the best of the bunch. If you want to hear the best, get in touch with Kim, Richard, Artie, Barbara or Chris at 228-3017.

DECOMPOSITIONS 5:30-6:00 PM
Creative, eclectic, eclectic with a twist of violence. Spoken word. Alternates Sundays with...

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 6:00-6:30 PM
Information, news, interviews, political analysis from the global cultures of resistance. Hosted by Joseph de la Cruz. Alternates Sundays with Decompositions.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10PM-MIDNIGHT
Join host Dave Emory for some extraordinary political research designed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on WIC Los Angeles.

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:40-1:00 AM
So what if Randy doesn't say any more? Who gives a shit? Guido and Tim will!

MONDAYS

RANDOM SAMPLING 7:30-8:00 PM
Rebroadcast of Friday's broadcast.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15 AM
From the famous site to the not-so-famous BBC World Service, wake up with the CTR Morning Show. Information to go, news, sports, weather and "sacred voice" (read: radio) reports, features, entertainment news and Alan Hog prices. With Tracy Dolan.

DAVE RADIO 11:00AM-1:00PM
The father of Crack of Noon & back!

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:15-1:30 PM
Lunch goes down better with the Afternoon Report. Tune in for no fills news, sports, and weather.

A SHOW OF STRENGTH 1:15-3:00 PM
After a peaceful 15 mins. of news, from out of town where a billion dollars of audio destruction leaves your forehead and back your heart hot and hot, and of course your ears. Chris Hovington down an ultra-mega hot vinyl arrangement. What a wonder!

SOUND OF REALITY 3:00-6:00 PM
Experimental radio, with Viorist featuring information/sounds and news. Information, propaganda and the words primitive and experimental music from the cowboy fringe. Live Contributions welcome. Practitioner Anthony Roberts.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 5:30-6:30 PM
See Sunday for details. Join host Ian Gunn here weekdays.

SPORTS DIGEST 5:30-6:00 PM
Join the CTR Sports Department for all the latest in Thunderbird varsity sports action and sports news. It's also the place that interviews, too!

IT'S JUST TALK WITH R.J. MOORHOUSE 6:30-7:00 PM
The big mouth is back, bigger and mossier than ever, talking on all the issues that are take-or-battle!

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM
Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. None of that late night grooves/leaves, week-end jazz features of it. Hosted by the ever-wise Gavin Walker.

2nd Osmatic Lecture in Book: 3:2 DISORDER

halm. Unfettered Coleman playing his alto backed by just bass and drums. A stunning look of Jimmie's musicality.

19th Swinging Sounds, an album by drummer Shelly Manne and his great quintet. An album that shows that not all sounds from LA in the fifties were cool.

16th Bottomline tip! is the title of a great album by Illinois Jacquet, one of the most powerful saxophone players ever.

23rd Contemporary pianist, composer, and innovator Andrew Hill brings complex African rhythms to a New Jazz context.

30th The Boss, one of Jimmy Smith's finest records. The great organ along with guitar master George Benson cook and team in this "live" recording.

TUESDAYS

CURRENT AFFAIRS PROGRAM 7:30-8:00 PM
Rebroadcast of Monday night's program.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15 AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with David Fieldbaum.

WHITE NOISE 8:15-10:00 PM
The boisterous new child of 70's progressive and 80's electronic. Plus progressive fusion of traditional rhythms from around the globe. Bumpin', Jams, "unconventional" and more. Hosted by Chris Brodsky.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10PM-11:00 PM
New show! Brought to you from the emporium of Radio/Seattle, this program presents the other side of the cultural scene.

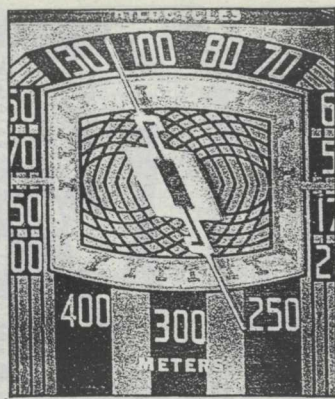
3rd Che Baker
10th Mike Stille and Kitten Nalland
17th John Horton and Patricia
24th Death Dream

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:15-1:30 PM
See Monday for details.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:00 PM
Country music to scrape the cowbird off your boots to. With live hot-poke, Jeff Grey.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 3:30-6:00 PM
Demo Director Dale Sawyer provides some insights to the best and the worst of the newest. Can music be saved? And he's not telling you which is which!

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 5:30-6:30 PM
See Monday for details.



In the Kwa language of Yoruba, there are two words for radio: "Ghobun-ghobun" (snatcher of voices), and "A-fo-ro mo gb'esi" (that which speaks without pausing for reply). CTR 101.9 FM is both. Listen and find out for yourself. But first read ON THE DIAL.

B.C. FOLK 7:00-8:00 PM
The thoughts and music of B.C. folk artists, hosted by Bob Walden.

NEON MEAT DREAM 7:00-9:00 PM
Like your worst nightmare and most erotic dream combined. Good what a mess. With Pete Luychew.

WEDNESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15 AM
See Monday for details. Host: Luc

Dinadale.

MORNING BREATH 8:15-10:00 AM
Radio, open eyes, and show your Wednesday morning waking experience with David. Cold pizza, leftover coffee and music to get you back into existence.

OUR TALENTED FAMILY 10:10-11:00 AM
Rebroadcast of the performance of the UBC School of Music. The Contemporary Players, Student Composers, Guest Artists, Stage Band, World Music, and others.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:15-1:30 PM
See Monday for details.

THE TASTE OF THINGS TO COME 3:00-6:00 PM
Saxophone to sink your teeth into, with the host Paolo the radio sex goddies.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 5:30-6:30 PM
See Monday for details.

TOP OF THE BOYS 6:00-7:00 PM
John Lopez, Bonnie Lee, and The Phantom of love you. Mac Cowbells brings Rock in Seattle's roots. Moving to a new time slot in May.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 7:00-8:00 PM
John Ed. Peifer, and John for a real live band in your living room, automobile or Walkman. Watch for new time slot in May!

28th Sifted Roosters
4th Introspection
11th Violets are Blue
18th Hollywood
25th Carlson Swear

PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK 9:00-12:00 AM
Permanent (per-ma-nent) kidding, intended to last, indefinitely.

Culture (Cult-cho) (1) the cultivation of a given class or nation at a given time or over a given time. (2) the taking of microorganisms in specially prepared media for scientific study.

Black (black) (1) visible coloration, complexion. (2) sudden and disturbing mental and physical impressions.

OPEN SEASON 12:00-1:00 AM
New show! Yes, El Phazon has made it back on - A from Bangkok and devalued Open Season on us all. He figures we're all just sitting ducks.

THURSDAYS

CURRENT AFFAIRS SHOW 7:30-8:00 PM
Rebroadcast of Wednesday's 5:30 show.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15 AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with David Fieldbaum.

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PE 11:01-11:01 AM
Fueled only by a lump of thing cheese and a single Cheddar cheese, it's throwing bouncing about the Pacific Northwest Coast. Look out, Boiling!

JIGGLE 1:00PM-1:30 PM
Mike's mom took away the car. Gays got a bus pass, and it's the same old crap that nobody likes. JIGGLE JIGGLE JIGGLE fill the cows come home.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:15-1:30 PM
See Monday for details.

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SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8AM-NOON
Steve Edge hosts Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/rock/folk/musical radio show. Now in its fifth year on CTR. UK Rocker Report 11.3.90

THE BRUNCH REPORT NOON-12:15PM
News, sports, weather and an appropriate amount of moral

POWERCHORD 12:15-3:00PM
Vancouver's only true underground show with the underground speed to mainstream metal, rock, demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gashed, Battered and Melted Run do the damage.

IN EFFECT 3-6:00PM
The Hip Hop Beat brought to you by DJ's Neil Scoble, Chic Barker and Bill Teatle.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 6-6:30PM
See Monday for details.

THE YAP GAP 6:30-8:00PM
Host figures in the Arts world talk about their work, other peoples work and anything else that occurs to them. Hosted by Antje Rasmussen.

EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG 8-8:00PM
You'd think you were hot too if you had long blond hair.

MARSHA BRADY'S DATELESS SATURDAY NIGHT
It's gone. She's gone.

ACCESS

CTR provides free offline for Community Access by groups and individuals. If you or your group would like to try something to someone somewhere, please call the Program Director at 228-3017.

VOLOS

CTR wants you to become involved with your friendly UBC Radio Station which broadcasts at 1000 watts to the campus and beyond. Opportunities abound: Wheeling, Programming, producing, editing, writing, engineering, operating, announcing, hosting, etc. Come by the studio during normal office hours. We're located in room 4233 on the second floor of the Student Union Building. Or phone us at 228-3017. And yes, Jen Kelly, everyone is welcome regardless of age. So come on by and see for yourself!

WHOM AND HOW

Well, the school year is coming to a close, which means that a new CTR executive will soon be grappling with the reins of responsibility of participating in the running a radio station for another twelve months. As of the writing of this paper, the people filling all the positions of the executive had not yet been determined. Stay tuned for these pages or even phone CTR for more information! But for the time being, here are some names that you may want anyway.

DEVELOPMENT COORDINATOR LINDA SCHULTEN
PRESIDENT ROSEMARY MATA
VICE PRESIDENT BARRY ELGOD
VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR BILL BAKER
BUSINESS LINE 228-3017
DJ LINE 228-2481 (228-CTR)
NEWS LINE 228-2481 (228-CTR)
FAX LINE 228-6093
STUDIO LINE ROOM 233, SECOND FLOOR OF THE STUDENT UNION BUILDING, 6155 SUB BOULEVARD, UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, VANCOUVER, BC V6T 2A5.

DEMO TAPES

CTR welcomes all music with open ears. If you have a submission, please, just remember to include important details like names, phone numbers, addresses, etc. Send tapes to the attention of the Demo Director please. Thank you.

HEAR SAY

CTR's newest oral program exposing the written word as it needs you. Be they poetry, prose, radio drama, etc. If you would like to read your written words out on Hear Say, or if you would like to have your words vocalized for you, just phone the Hear Say coordinator at 228-3017. More so that most other shows, the executive Hear Say really depends on its contributors. That means you dear reader.

DEMOLIST OF THE MORE FREQUENTLY PLAYED STUFF OVER THE PAST LITTLE WHILE

SHOVLHED		GREAT BIG PINK STATE
ELIZABETH FISCHER		STATES OF GRACE
XALIMAN & ORCHESTRANGE		FOR SURE
TOUGH N GOS		STUPID
MIGRAINE BLUR		THRUPP BIPPO THRUPP
GERRY HANNAH		NIGHT OF THE ORCAS
PUKE THEATRE		ANAST 12 SO COOL
THE WORST		THE CREEPY THING
SHE - DEVILS ON WHEELS		30/90/90 (EXCERPT)
RATTLED ROOSTERS		CUT ACROSS SHORTY
DIRT		HEADLIGHTS
GREEN HOUSE		PROBABILITY 4
THE MUSIC SOCIETY		WIND OVER WATER
GERRY HANNAH		101 NIGHTS
MARY		STEPPING IN AND OUT OF TIME
SILENT PARTY		UNDER THE JOHNSTON STREET BRIDGE
THE WARDELLS		

DEMOLIST OF THE LESS FREQUENTLY PLAYED STUFF OVER THE PAST LITTLE WHILE

@*#1		SHOES
BARON VON FOKKER		POST-MODERN YOUTH
BLACK EARTH		CREATURES
BILL CHAPMAN		NOCTURNE
CRASH DUMMIES		SAVE-ON FOODS
ALAN DOBB & DUMELA		A BUMP
THE DOTS		GOM CRAZY
EARTHLING		SURPRISE MUPPURE HELL
FLESH		ROUGH EDGES
JOJOKA		CROW
JR. GONE WILD		GOD IS NOT MY FATHER
GAIL LANDAU		HERE COMES CONFUSION
MC TERROR T		RAPIN RHYTHM RHYMIN
PULL MY DAISY		AC-DC
PAULA REMPEL		LESTER
ROUGHAGE		WAR IN VIETNAM THE AXE
SHE		SHOW ME
THE SHOW BUSINESS GIANTS		DEATH OF A DYGLLO
SOUND BUTCHERS		IN A MAZE
SUPER CAUSTIC FERTILIZER		SWEATING BULLETS
T.T. RACER		1990'S
THE LUDWIGS		TALKING TO YOU

SPINLIST OF THE MORE FREQUENTLY PLAYED DISC MATTER OVER THE PAST LITTLE WHILE

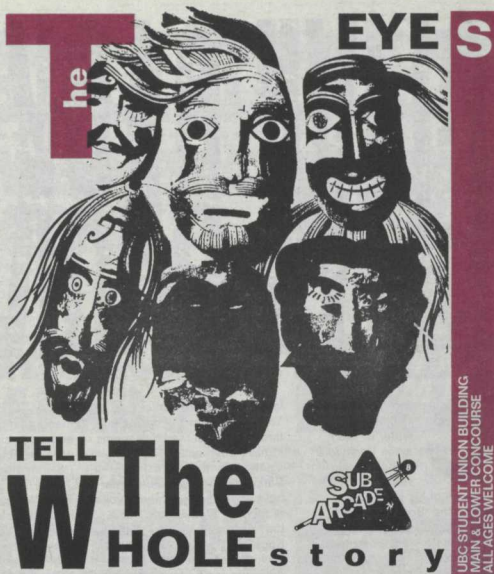
PUBLIC ENEMY		WELCOME TO THE TERRORDOME 12"
LEGENDARY PINK DOT		THE CRUSHED VELVET APOCALYPSE
VARIOUS ARTISTS		OH GOD MY MOM'S ON CHANNEL TEN!
THE CRAMPS		BIKINI GIRLS WITH MACHINE GUNS 12"
THE FALL		TELEPHONE THINK 12"
NUMB		CHRISTMAS
SINEAD O'CONNOR		NOTHING COMPARES 2U 12"
SPIRIT OF THE WEST		SAVE THIS HOUSE
100 STATE		90
NOMANSHO		WRONG
MC900FT JESUS WITH DJ ZERO		HELL WITH THE LID OFF
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CLIVE BARKER

by Chris Grayshaw

Clive Barker debuted as a writer in 1985, when England's Sphere Books released six volumes of his short horror fiction, the "Books of Blood." The reviews were mixed: the British literary establishment dismissed them as the written equivalent of "video nasties," while established horror writers like Ramsey Campbell and Stephen King hailed them as masterpieces. The North American release of the first three Books was aided by a quote from King ("Barker is so good that I am almost literally tongue-tied"), Barker's receipt of a World Fantasy Award for "In The Hills, The Cities" (in BOB #1), and accolades from novelist Peter Straub.

The Books of Blood are wildly uneven in terms of content and style. Splatterpunk-style slice 'n' dice ("The Midnight Meat Train," "Rawhide Rex" and "Son of Celluloid") rubs shoulders with surrealistic fantasy ("In The Hills, The Cities") and humor that reads like Monty Python directing a David Cronenberg film ("The Yattering and Jack" and "The Last Illusion").

Barker followed up the Books of Blood with a horror novel, "The Damnation Game," an epic fantasy, "Weaveworld," and the novella "The Hellbound Heart," which became the basis for his first film, "Hellraiser." "The Hellbound Heart" is a tour de force, showcasing Barker's considerable talent for mixing the poetic and the perverse.

Barker's new novel, "The Great And Secret Show," is the first volume of a trilogy. It is a disappointing read - at nearly eight hundred pages, the book is terribly uneven and much too

long for the story Barker tells. There are flashes of brilliance throughout, but the book seems to have been edited far too lightly. Readers interested in Barker's fiction would be better advised to check out the "Books of Blood," "Weaveworld," and the horror anthologies "Cutting Edge" and "Night Visions III." Barker illustrates, too - his drawings can be found in the adults-only comic book anthologies "Fly In My Eye" (Arcane Comics) and "Taboo" (Spiderbabe Graphics).

I met Clive for the first time at the Vancouver Public Library one cold evening in 1987. After reading excerpts from "Weaveworld," he entertained questions from the audience, then chatted with those who stayed on after the reading until his publicist rushed him off to his plane. I got to talk to him for perhaps ten minutes, and left feeling oddly elated. Barker is an engaging speaker with a macabre sense of humor; we discussed censorship, the "Books of Blood," and comics, while he sketched away designing dragons in tuxedos, skeletons, and penises with teeth. Learning I wrote, he suggested a story idea: a dead Hollywood star who conceals her decaying condition with successive layers of makeup. Barker impressed me as every young writer's dream: a professional who is open, encouraging, and, most important, not yet jaded.

Two years later, Clive hadn't changed much. He looks like the photograph on the back cover of "The Great And Secret Show": a young Paul McCartney in jeans and a battered leather jacket. Though tired by a late night flight from Los Angeles, he answered my questions

readily, punctuating his comments with puffs on an enormous cigar. He enthusiastically paged through *Discorder* ("Skinny Puppy! Jesus! You guys got a Skinny Puppy interview!"), sketched a bit, and answered further questions at a signing at the Granville Book Company, then later at the Vancouver Public Library. What follows are the highlights of a half-hour interview in his hotel room at the Pacific Palisades.

ON BEING STEREOTYPED AS A HORROR WRITER

I think the terminologies suck. I think they always have. I think that from the beginning of the genre of the fantastic, from "Melmouth the Wanderer" and the gothics and "Frankenstein" and through the nineteenth century, the labels have always been inadequate. Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein" is always thought of as a horror novel, but you have to search through it long and hard - as I'm sure countless nine year-olds have done, expecting a cheap thrill - for the scenes which are actually horrifying. It doesn't induce horror for the most part. It induces pity, compassion, anxiety; it is a philosophical treatise as much as it is anything else. So I think the label "horror novel" doesn't apply.

The fiction of the imagination doesn't only deal with horror; it deals with invented realities, invented states of consciousness. But publishers don't like anything as woolly as "imaginative fiction"; they need something they can compartmentalize and put a certain kind of cover on so that it can be fixed in a particular place in the store. And horror fans don't object. The more I meet, the

more I hear, "Oh, I don't read science fiction, or fantasy, or sword-and-sorcery."

I'm writing for myself, not to fill a particular niche in a publisher's catalog. The terminology "horror writer" simply doesn't seem to apply. I think it did apply to the "Books of Blood." I'm pleased that my audiences have followed me, in "Weaveworld" and now in "The Great And Secret Show," into oblique territory that resists categorization. And I think that if the market for this kind of work were to dry up suddenly, and the only thing I could do was go back and write more short horror fiction, I would prefer not to write.

ON HELLRAISER, HELLRAISER II, AND MARKETING PINHEAD

I wasn't a great fan of "Hellraiser II." If you open up a little puzzle-box and the demons of commerce appear and try to get their hooks into you, there are two routes you can go. You can say yes to the sequel, yes to marketing the thermos flask. Or you can offer up the ideas to other people, and hope they're going to work. I think the Hellraiser comic worked remarkably well. P. Craig Russell and John Bolton's work for Eclipse Comics capture the essence of my stories in ways I thought comics never could. John's illustrations for "In The Hills, The Cities" are brilliant.

ON HARRY D'AMOUR, BARKER'S SUPERNATURAL PRIVATE EYE

There are a variety of projects up after "Nightbreed" and my next novel, a Harry D'Amour picture is one possibility. Harry makes a cameo appearance in "The Great And Secret Show," and will be a major character in the sequel, which is coming up in 1991.

ON "THE DROOLIES," AN ABORTED CHILDREN'S BOOK

(Laughing) Ah, the Droolies! That was a joke, really. I sent it along to John (Totleben) and Steve (Bissette) to prove I have an extremely ludicrous side. (Interested readers can find the Droolies in TABOO #2, a black and white adults-only comicbook anthology available from comicshops in Vancouver.)

ON WORKING AS A WRITER/ILLUSTRATOR

I did a lot of painting while I was in L.A. working on "Nightbreed"... Underwood/Miller is putting out "Shadows In Eden," a biography with a lot of illustrations, and Eclipse is

doing "Clive Barker: Illustrator." So I don't think my work as an artist is being neglected.

ON ORGANIZED RELIGION

I think you only have to look at what organized religion does to realize what a monstrous edifice can be made of a relatively innocent philosophy or theology. The Vatican's stand on the use of condoms, for instance, with AIDS rife. There's something wrong with a church that allows a fatal disease to spread because of an edict that is on dubious theological grounds anyway. I'm not a great fan of anyone in uniform, and a cassock is a uniform. I am not a great fan of someone who takes a text - in this case the Bible - and pontificates on that text in such a way as to suggest that their interpretation is the only correct one. Look at Swaggart, Falwell, the Bakkers. Is Jim in jail? He is? Well, I hope he's having a wonderful time. Those pontificators took extraordinary stories, extraordinary mythologies, and corrupted them. If there is a distrust of such pontification in my writing, it's because the evidence is very strongly in favor of such distrust.

We have to have faith in our relationships with the deities and demons that haunt us... we must achieve intimacy with the strange and spiritual. The moment we run to the wise ape and say, "I'm scared, I'm nervous, I don't know. Intercede for me," is the moment we throw our freedom to the winds.

While I find organized religion abhorrent, I'm fascinated by magical and shamanistic practices which involve an individual within a tribe who is an interpreter of sacred signs, a journeyer on behalf of his or her community into sacred and sealed realms. I think writers of the fantastic have for a long time fulfilled that role. Clearly, the confrontation with forbidden subject matter that is so much the basis of the genre is something which is taken on on behalf of the readership; the writer is saying, I will take this journey. I will talk about fear and obsession, violent death and bodily corruption, and I will tell this tale in such a way as to make new sense of it. Whereas the relationship between the literary magician and his or her audience is one of fiction being presented totally open to interpretation by the receiver, the priest is offering up knowledge as an absolute not open to interpretation. And that, I think, is a significant difference between art and religion.

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